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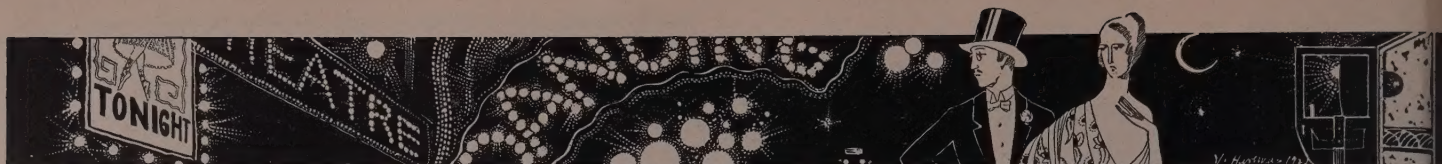
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THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

THE good old time of the year has come round again. And the season may be said really to have commenced for all practical purposes, even though the Opera is still a week or two off. For the supper clubs are now open and flourishing. Let us pass them in a brief review.

The Club Trocadero on 52nd Street between Broadway and Seventh Avenue, is the latest comer, and extremely popular at the moment with the smart set, many notables being seen there nightly, to which the personal conducting of his own orchestra by Emil Coleman doubtless contributes.

At the Ambassador there is another Emil Coleman orchestra and the graceful and sinuous Peggy and Cortez are dancing again in the grill from seven to nine and from ten to two.

If you wish to go on from there to still further carousing, "The Tent," at Fifty-second Street and Seventh Avenue presents a clever and merry midnight review and you may dance till dawn.

The Palais Royal has abundance of riches with the return of both Paul Whiteman and those international favorites of *le monde qui s'amuse*, Leonora Hughes and Maurice. Monsieur Maurice has completely recovered his health and is in finer form than ever.

That institution, The Plantation, is open once more with its far-famed Plantation review, whose mere name spells a guarantee of quality. And Plantation habitués are rejoicing that Florence Mills, fresh from her triumphs in London and Paris, is again a part of the ensemble.

Gilda Gray is temporarily absent from the Rendezvous, fulfilling her engagement "in the provinces" with

the Ziegfeld Follies, a fact to be lamented, of course. But The Rendezvous is carrying on very successfully, nevertheless, specializing in its dinner hour, to which Paul Tisen and his Russian orchestra in gay costume amid a Russian *décor* lend just the right touch. After the theatre The Rendezvous resumes its well-established character of supper club, with a *chic* cabaret entertainment and dancing.

If you are making a tour of the Village, or have been taking in a performance at the Greenwich Village theatre, the proper road of march lies towards the Club Gallant. Though devotees of the Club think nothing of going down to MacDougal Street from however far up town they may be, so sure are they of the individual fare—in every sense—that will be handed out to them.

Russian atmosphere still endures in The Eagle of 57th Street, The Russian Inn on 37th and The Club Balagan, in the place where the famous old "Little Club" used to be.

Though our finale doesn't come strictly under the heading of supper clubs, we don't wish to delay longer in calling your attention to The Elysee on 56th St. as a place for lunch and for dining. We have been told particularly by several men-about-town that since the passing on of old Martin's and the heyday of Delmonico's no restaurant appeared to take their places until The Elysee filled the gap. There is no music at The Elysee: it is a place for conversation and good fellows, for the enjoyment of delicious food in a restful but stimulating atmosphere, the kind of place, in short, for which we all are looking.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

WRITE FOR A COPY OF THE PLAY GUIDE

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Arthur L. Lee

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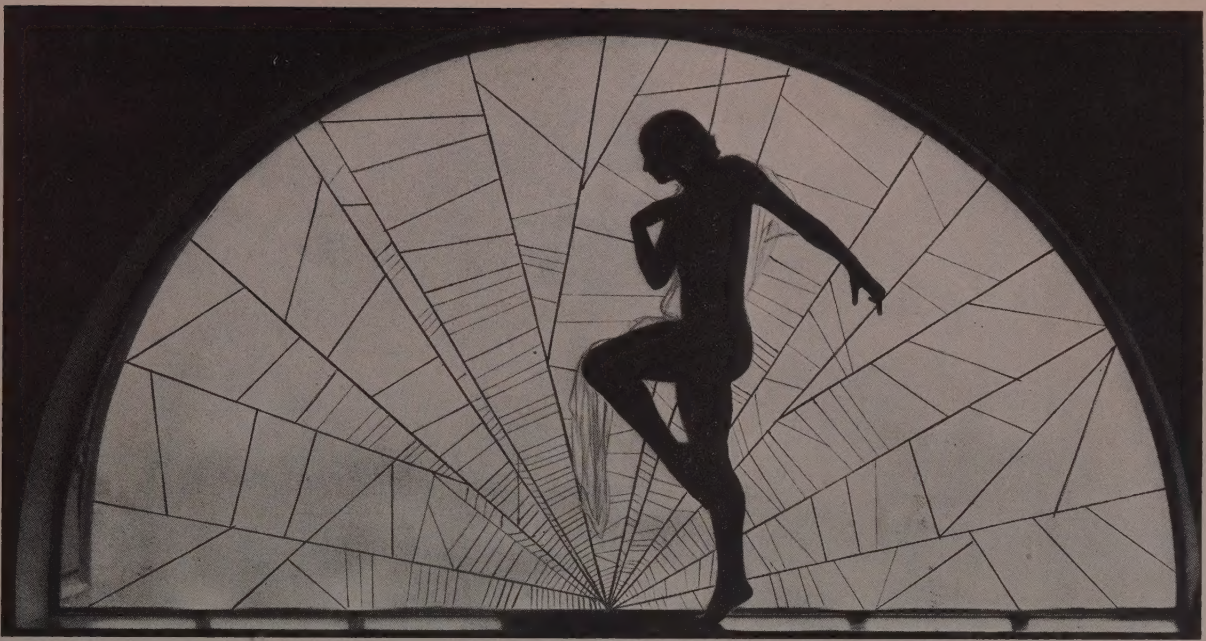
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In The Spider's Web—Posed by The Dancer, Mlle. La Torricella.

CONTENTS for NOVEMBER, 1923

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Is A Theatre Censorship Inevitable?.....	James S. Metcalfe	9
Ballet Suedois—A Unique Dance Spectacle.....	Florence Gilliam	10
Why It Costs So Much To Amuse You.....	An Insider	12
Return of Eleanora Duse, The.....	Alice Rohe	20
Raquel Meller—A New Stage Personality.....	B. F. Wilson	24

SPECIAL FEATURES

Editorial	7
Mirrors of Stageland, The.....	The Lady With The Lorgnette 22
Biographical Page: Fritz Scheff.....	23
Heard On Broadway.....	L'Homme Qui Sait 39
Amateur's Green Room, The.....	M. E. Kehoe 42
Promenades of Angelina, The	46

ART FEATURES

Cover Design	A. J. Knorr
Despair.....	Maurice Goldberg 6
Amateur Try-Out, The.....	Hans Stengel 8

REVIEWS

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play.....	15
<i>Casanova, The Lullaby, Chains, Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, The Crooked Square, Poppy, The Changelings, Peter Weston, Music Box Revue, Greenwich Village Follies, Nifties of 1923, A Lesson In Love, Chicken Feed.</i>	
Cinema	Alison Smith 30
Vaudeville.....	Bland Johanneson 34
Music	Katherine Lane Spaeth 36
Dramatic Books	Richard Steele 70

THE NEW PLAYS

<i>Casanova</i> (in pictures).....	13
<i>Chains</i> (in pictures).....	14
<i>Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary</i> (in pictures).....	17
<i>The Lullaby</i> (in pictures).....	18
Condensation: <i>Children Of The Moon</i>	26

FULL PAGE PORTRAITS

Sir John Martin Harvey.....	5
Eleanora Duse	21
Raquel Meller	25
Betty Blythe (Caprice Oriental).....	31

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Novelties in The Ballet Suedois.....	11
Leading Lights in the Season's Early Offerings.....	27
Hall of Fame, The.....	29
Film Flashes	33
Stellar Vaudevillians	35
Kindling Fresh Musical Fires	37
Indian Summer	38

DEPARTMENTS

Amateur Stage, The.....	M. E. Kehoe 40
Fashions	43
Vanity Box, The	68



IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: The interesting variety of articles and the beauty and originality of its illustrations and art work will make THEATRE MAGAZINE for December a splendid holiday number. Robert Milton, one of America's leading stage directors, will give a frank picture of the human side of play directing. ♪ How are chorus girls trained and where do they come from? Ned Wayburn, the head of the most famous "chorus factory" in the world, tells where he finds them, what he teaches them, and how they get their first jobs. ♪ All aspiring dramatists want to know what the New York managers desire in the way of plays. In the next issue four well-known producers tell what they want, and why they want it. ♪ In addition there will be numerous articles in lighter vein as well as an extraordinary display of beautiful photographs and art work.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

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Sole Agent

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NOVEMBER, 1923



© Daily Mirror

SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY
as Oedipus



DESPAIR

Study in Emotion by Maurice Goldberg, Emphasizing the Theory That the Body Expresses More Than the Face. Posed by Dorothy Lee

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Olla Podrida

The Managerial Sense of Humor

SPEAKING the other day of his plans for the present season, an important Broadway producer, after enumerating the several productions he had in preparation, suddenly broke out in bitter denunciation of the Actors' Equity Association: "If those fellows force on us the closed shop, I'm through," he exclaimed. "I'm out of the theatre for good. I'll never produce another play."

He said this with the aggrieved, determined air of a man uttering what he considered a dreadful threat, something which, if generally known, would shake the theatrical world to its foundation. We've heard such threats before. At the time of the actors' strike, George M. Cohan solemnly declared he'd be carried out feet first before he would ever again enter the portals of the Lambs' Club. At last reports, he is still basking there in the fold with the rest of the woolly flock. Other producers—the gentle Dave among them—have also made reckless statements about awful things that would happen if the actors did not behave themselves.

Have theatre managers no sense of humor? Haven't they lived long enough to have learned that there is no necessary man, that if one of us drops from the ranks today, there are a dozen others fully as competent—possibly a little more competent—to take our place tomorrow. The realization of this indisputable fact may not be flattering to our pride, but none will deny its truth. *Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!*

After all, who is to blame if today the producer, instead of having to deal merely with the individual actor, a timid, irresponsible, happy-go-lucky bohemian, ignorant as a child in money matters, finds he has to do business with a powerful organization? Formerly, the manager did not have to reckon with the actor. He was the least of his troubles. The scene shifters, the electricians, the musicians, the house cleaners—yes, he had to be careful how he spoke to them. But the actor? A poor worm often trodden on and who had not yet acquired the art of turning, a humble, spineless creature that anyone in the managerial offices felt he was authorized to kick around, the legitimate sport of stage manager and office boy. The players have not forgotten how they quaked in producers' outer offices, waiting patiently for hours, only to be rebuffed, treated with scant courtesy, discharged without cause—often because the leading lady was jealous of the color of their hair—their grievances scoffed at, barely listened to, their complaints ignored.

Today, thanks to organization, all that is changed. The player has won his place in the sun. The manager now respects the actor; the actor respects himself. The office boy is no longer permitted to lord it over our potential Hamlets and Juliets. The old abuses have been remedied—more equitable contracts, cleaner dressing rooms, better conditions in every way. If, as some producers seem to think, there has arisen a Frankenstein that crouches growling in the distance, threatening the peace of the Theatre, the manager has only himself to blame. It is he who created the Frankenstein. The way to fight the monster, should it grow unreasonable and abuse its newly won power, is to stay in the game and fight it—not run away and sulk.

Hats Off to Channing Pollock

GOOD wine needs no bush," the old Romans used to say. In other words if anything is really worthwhile—a book, a play, a custard pie—you don't have to sing its praises from the house tops. It speaks for itself. Channing Pollock is not of this opinion. A sturdy American himself, he has the greatest respect for the intelligence of his countrymen—and women—but he thinks that in the matter of playgoing they need a little guidance. So, in a purely altruistic spirit, he goes after them hammer and tongs, in the strenuous, uncompromising manner of a revivalist preacher. There is only one way to be saved—to buy seats for *The Fool*! The argument is unanswerable and the results have been prodigious. In Chicago *The Fool* broke all records, the receipts being over \$30,000 on the week. Before the season closes, ten *Fool* companies will be harvesting the shekels all over the country. What is the secret of this phenomenal success? Is *The Fool* really such a great play? Does it contain truths or convey a message that have never been spoken before? Is this the great American play for which humanity has been waiting ever since the dawn of creation? Possibly. More likely, it's the magic of Channing's extraordinary gift for spell-binding. Indefatigable, tireless in the good cause, he travels all over the land, speaking night and day from trains, automobiles, airships, cart tails. Go and see *The Fool*, he thunders, and, doggone it, the people leave their homes, the farmer drops his tools, the housewife deserts her wash, the merchant closes his desk, and proceed to the nearest theatre. What they say when they come out is not recorded. But they look solemn and chew hard, while the playwright, after cashing in on his royalties, proceeds to the next town. If *The Fool* is what Mr. Ashton Stevens, the Chicago critic, calls it "the Ford among plays," common justice demands that the author be accorded distinction as "the Rolls Royce among successful publicity promoters."

The Comic Slant on Stage Nudity

ALWAYS in the guise of Art, the stage continues to present a constantly more daring display of feminine nakedness. Most of it is merely a degenerate and lascivious "peep-show," pandering to the lowest instincts in human nature. We are told that these exhibitions of the nude are beautiful. The truth is that they are simply ludicrous, due to the fact that the "human form divine" has done considerable backsliding in the past few hundred years. Knees and elbows, and waist lines and other things, are not what they used to be. The cavorting of a 200 lb. twentieth century Venus in the altogether is not exactly a spectacle to delight the gods. This sort of thing can't go on. A healthy reaction is bound to set in. The time is not far distant when every naked female will be relegated permanently to the realm of "refined burlesque." We shall refuse to take a "vamp" seriously unless she keeps her clothes on, and no chorus of *décolletée* high steppers will win our applause except they hide their fleshly anatomies under some sort of apparel.



THE AMATEUR TRY-OUT

Critical Moments in the Lives of a Bevy of "God Given Talents"—Caricatured by Hans Stengel

Is A Theatre Censorship Inevitable?

A Flood of Indecency is Sweeping the Stage and Official Control Seems the Only Remedy

By JAMES S. METCALFE

A POLITICAL invasion of our until now free and untrammelled American theatre is coming, and coming quickly, more surely than God made little apples. In fact, it has already come in one form, but in a form that has not particularly excited our aristocracy of brains.

The censorships established over the moving pictures affected what is considered a business more than an art or a province of literature. Developed under the same control which started with the nickel and penny peep-shows of suspicious pictures maintained in side streets and partly hidden places, the early appeal of the movies was through exhibitions so objectionable as to arouse the action of crusaders and make easy the establishment of official control. There has never been any strong opposition to movie censorship because it did not affect any medium to which freedom of expression was a necessity. The inconveniences and absurd tyrannies of censorship were felt by a business, rather than by the guilds which pose as exponents of art and moulders of public opinion.

BIG MONEY IN DIRTY PLAYS

THE movie censorship has its lessons, however, for those who are face to face with the imminent danger of a censorship over the theatre proper and perhaps later on over literature, printing and sculpture. To learn those lessons we do not need to go outside of the State of New York, vexatious as are the multiplied exactions of different censors with different views and rules depending upon the different states in which they operate. It is not important to locate the source of the demand for the New York movie censorship. It immediately commended itself to our politician rulers in spite of strong opposition, cleverly organized, from those in the industry. It meant another source of taxation and carried with it considerable political patronage. It worked out as expected. The political Governor appointed the censors on a strictly political basis, with the result that when their decisions have been reviewed in the courts they have been made the subject of judicial and legal ridicule. Just the same, a determined effort to repeal the law under which the censors hold their places and draw their salaries, met with prompt defeat. The censorship was too good a thing for the politicians to give up.

The theatre, until recently, stood in a position different from that of the movies. As an institution it had been long established and had a strongly entrenched place in the affections of the people. It did not seem to need the regulation necessary to a new industry. It had its traditions of decency, occasionally violated but in the

main respected. Under artistic control it recognized its obligations to the public which supported it. It had little to fear from outside or political assaults in a country which has only lately abandoned the belief that the best government is the government which governs least. Only since commercialism has gained control of the theatre has there been a possibility of a theatrical censorship. Now it needs only the presentation of a properly drafted bill to the Albany Legislature to make it an actuality.

"Is it too late to ward off a theatre censorship? The theatrical monopoly could sweep the American stage free from dirt if it decreed that it would book no shows that were immoral or indecent. Honestly and promptly enforced, the decree might forestall official interference and prove to be good business foresight."

Business naturally relies upon figures and the standard of dollars and cents to measure its success. On ruled columns and a survey of material conditions it can map its campaigns. It needs to go a little into the subtle workings of the human mind. As business increased its control in the theatre, business principles were increasingly applied. Now that the control is absolute, those are the only principles that are basic, the exceptions being negligible.

In New York a smutty play or an exhibition of partial or complete nudity draws money to the box office. This is crowning evidence that smut and nudity are what the public wants. What could be simpler? Doesn't the money talk? On the other hand, there is the evidence, also incontrovertible that the biggest money has been made by clean plays. But clean plays which will make money are hard to find. They require brains and artistic effort. Smut, immorality and indecency are easy to command. Why bother when these are so easy?

There is a flaw in this reasoning as applied to the theatre. The very man or woman who will pay the highest speculator prices for seats of a much-touted dirty

show will go away from it a bit ashamed. They get even with their consciences by condemnation of what they have seen when they talk about it afterwards. Much of this patronage comes from out-of-town visitors, who leave their usual American scruples at home when they come to New York, where they are lost in the crowd. Nobody notices what they do. But they go back home and talk and hold up their hands in holy horror at the iniquities of New York. To be sure, the theatre gets the money but at the same time the talk is creating public opinion.

A CURE AVAILABLE, BUT—!

NEW YORK sets the theatrical fashion for the rest of the country, but it doesn't control public opinion, principally because it is too big and conglomerate to have any crystallized beliefs of its own. Its local authorities are too busy playing politics, and occasionally grafting, to bother about the decency of the theatre. The rural legislator has the morals of New York far more at heart. He may, as a visitor to the city, patronize the nudity of the stage, but officially he represents the public opinion of his district, which goes in for clothes. He resembles those Congressmen who in the Volstead matter did not vote as they drank.

Is it too late to ward off a theatre censorship? It is to be feared that it is. Every one knows that a flood of filth and indecency has lately descended on the American theatre, and holds New York to blame for it. A censorship seems to offer the only possible remedy. The public doesn't stop to think that politics would probably nullify even that cure for the evil. Political censors might be "got to." There is no reason to believe that the Democratic Governor Smith would be less political in the exercise of the appointing power than the Republican Governor Miller was in the case of the movie censorship.

If it is not too hopelessly late to avoid action by our rulers in Albany, there is possible of application one cure for an infected theatre which could be made more effective than even an official censorship. It rests in the fact that the whole American theatre is under the control of a business monopoly. Monopolies are not altruistic, but we have in memory the accomplishment of the Standard Oil when, by improving the quality, reducing the cost, and transporting kerosene to the uttermost corners of the earth, it added countless hours to the life-times of those who before that had lived only while the sun was shining. The theatrical monopoly could sweep the American stage free from dirt if it decreed that it would book no shows that were dirty, immoral or indecent. But, will it?

Ballet Suedois—A Unique Stage Spectacle

Only Important Rival of the Famous Russian Dancers, It Presents the Latest in Modern Ideas

By FLORENCE GILLIAM

SINCE the visit of the Russian Ballet in 1916, America has had no season of real ballet repertoire. The Swedish Ballet, which you will see next month, while not the equal of the Russians in technical achievement, is one of the important manifestations of the day in the presentation of modern ideas in music, painting, and choreography. Though Swedish in origin, direction, and personnel, the organization is international in repertoire. Paris has been the scene of its greatest development, and the most modern French poets, musicians, and painters owe much of the concrete presentation of their work to the spirit of innovation in the *Ballet Suedois*.

Paul Claudel, Darius Milhaud, and Madame Andrey Parr are the originators, respectively, of the scenario, music, and settings of the plastic poem called *L'Homme et son Désir*, which is one of the most novel and interesting productions of the Ballet. The set, which presents a background of a tropical forest night, is arranged in four horizontal green platforms, rising one above the other across the stage. On the highest level, against a semi-circle of deep blue, parade the hours, with a motion so slow as to be almost imperceptible. Those of the night are in black; those of the dawn in white. The next step below is occupied by the slow progress of the moon, a figure in mauve carrying a flaming disk, and followed by a shadow in dark purple. On the lowest step of all, which is ordinary stage level, this action is duplicated in reverse by the reflection of the moon and her shadow in the waters of the primeval forest. Between these two images, on the central platform which is varied by floral designs of crimson and a diamond-shaped spot of deep blue, the symbolic drama is enacted.

DANCE OF ELEMENTAL FRENZY

MAN enters upon this level, accompanied by two figures, veiled, indistinguishable. One perhaps is Memory, the other Illusion. Man is unable to choose between them. When he is left alone in the center, the sights and sounds of the tropical forest come to dance before him, increasing in intensity to a kind of elemental frenzy. Then Man dances himself—a plaintive nostalgic dance of awakened and remembered desire. Finally one of the veiled figures returns and wraps her drapery about him, leading him away, as the sounds of night gradually die out, the white hours of dawn creep in overhead, and the moon and her shadow slowly disappear. Milhaud's music is a remarkable auditory realization of this exotic symbolism originated by Claudel. He uses many percussion instruments for his rhythmic patterns, and achieves a particularly remote and unreal quality in the vocal for solos and choruses without words. Madame Parr's settings are not only vivid and beautiful, but important innovations in presenting a picture of upright simultaneous action by means of different stage levels.

The most characteristically native and one of the most delightful of the numbers in the repertoire is *Les Vierges Folles*, a whimsical ballet based on the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, done in the quaint costumes and settings of Swedish primitive religious art, and adapted to the pleasant rhythms of Swedish folk tunes. The



EBON STRANDIN

Première danseuse at the Royal Opera House, Stockholm, and now one of the principals of the Swedish Ballet.

setting is a simple gray drop with a quaint little church facade painted in the middle of it. The Virgins are dressed in gayly striped hoop-skirts and tight little basques, the wise ones in green and their frivolous sisters in orange. They all fall asleep, bobbing over like wilted poppies; and when the bridal party arrives, a procession of delicious burlesque, the wise maidens are admitted to the church, while the poor foolish virgins, whose lamps have run out of oil, are excluded by angels with swords of crinkly yellow flame. The action, the dance steps, the tunes arranged by Kurt Atterburg, the costumes conceived by Einar Nerman, are all in the same spirit of whimsical naïveté.

Most impressive of all the ballets so far presented is the choreographic realization of Canudo's poem called *Skating Rink*. For this scene the French painter, Léger, has created a background of broken and intersecting geometrical designs, in broad, flat color, yellow predominating. The skating rink is taken as a symbol of the dead dull round of forced recreation indulged in by the modern machine-ridden crowd. Into this circle dashes the madman, the poet—the undisciplined creature of freedom—and one of the women in the throng rushes, fascinated, to dance with him in a frenzy of sacrificial passion. But when she has been carried out by the interloper, the crowd continues its deadly round of false and sombre gayety. The solid rhythms of Honegger's music, the mechanical designs in the settings, the thick ugly costumes and sad, set faces, the trance-like movements of the dancers, all contribute to an overwhelming effect of hideous, but inevitable, reality.

DELICACY BY WAY OF CONTRAST

THE most recent creation of the Swedish Ballet, *Marchand d'Oiseaux*, is as pretty and delicate a morsel as one could wish by way of contrast. The story was conceived and the settings and costumes designed by that painter of the exquisite, Hélène Perdriat. The background shows a lake with amusing little boats, and drooping masses of daintily exotic trees and flowers. In the middle is a tiny white house with deep oval windows and a central doorway. Here dwell two sisters, one haughty—in orange and black; the other sweet and modest—in frilly white with little orange touches. The story concerns the bird merchant, who garbed in lemon-yellow velvet and carrying his birds in golden cages swung round his neck, is rejected by the scornful elder daughter, but received with joy by her demure and amiable sister. The former is properly punished by falling in love with a stranger in luxurious dress who turns out to be only an old porter in masquerade. All the costuming and action, as well as the music by Germaine Tailleferre, is kept on the plane of light, but sophisticated, prettiness.

A famous number of the Ballet program is Cocteau's *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel*, in which he satirizes a typical bourgeois celebration, with broad burlesque. The music by various members of the well-known "Groupe des Six" is highly humorous. The setting by Irène Lagut is appropriately fantastic. The wearing of masques designed by Jean Hugo, and the reading of the lines through phonographic horns at the sides of the stage, are important innovations in stage production. In a number called *El Greco* the Swedish Ballet presents a scenario based on the painting called "The Burial of Gonzalo Ruiz, Count of Orgas." Their attempts to reproduce

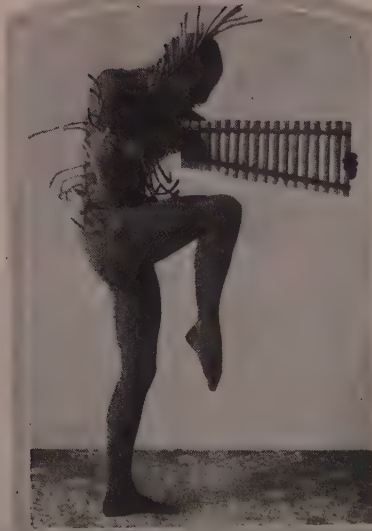
(Continued on page 64)



© Isabey

CARINA ARI

In *Iberia*, a Spanish number which uses the brilliant settings and costumes of Steinlen and the spirited music of Albeniz.



KAJ SMITH

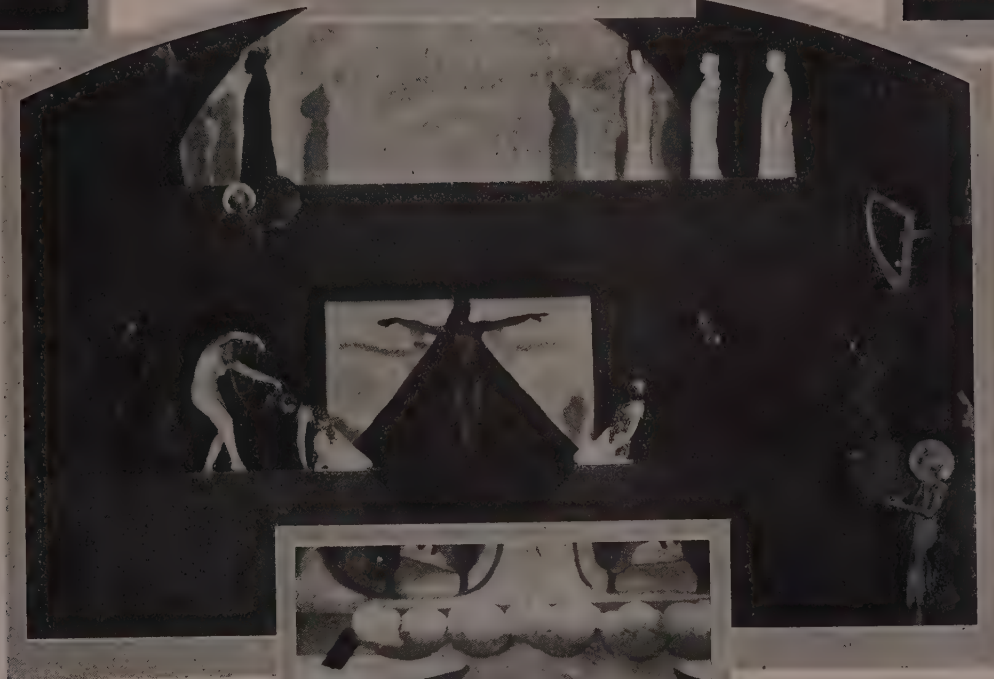
Principal dancer in the plastic poem, *L'Homme et son Désir*, one of the most elaborate and interesting features of the production.



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JEAN BORLIN

Chief dancer and sole choreographer of the Swedish Ballet in *Marchand d'Oiseaux*, one of the prettiest and most delicate numbers of the programme.



SCENE in *L'Homme et son Désir*. The stage is set in four levels, rising one above the other. Across the highest platform the hours parade slowly, almost imperceptibly, throughout the action of the ballet. The hours of night are in black and the hours of day in white. Below them on the next platform glides the moon, represented by a mauve figure carrying a flaming disk. Her shadow, a purple-black figure, follows her. On the stage level, symbolizing the waters of a primeval forest, move the reflections of the moon and her shadow. On the second platform—that is between reality and illusion—



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the drama is enacted. The central figure is Man who is led by two identical figures—Illusion and Memory. Under their influence he falls asleep and they leave him. Then, awakened by the sounds of the tropical forest, he breaks forth into a wild dance of desire. At the end one of the two figures returns and he falls completely under her sway. It is never explained whether this is Memory or Illusion. The text of this interesting divertissement was written by the French poet, Paul Claudel, and the music was composed by Darius Milhaud.

The Bride and Bridegroom in *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel*, satire on a typical bourgeois celebration with broad burlesque.

NOVELTY THE DOMINANT NOTE IN THE FAMOUS BALLET SUEDOIS

Vivid and Beautiful Settings and Characteristic Music the Outstanding Features of this Organization

Why It Costs So Much To Amuse You

Honest Reflections on the Theatrical Business, from a Box-Office Window

By AN INSIDER

IS the high cost of success in the theatrical world caused by the failures? When the wheat crop fails, flour rises in price. Is it so in the dramatic field?

Play production is the most uncertain and expensive game in the world. Yet, each season, new plays are presented, many with little or no possibility of success, representing an immense outlay of money.

"Thumbs down," on a production means time, money and hard labor gone with no chance of return. And yet, with true Yankee grit, the producer blunders on.

Seeking the "sure thing" in plays is worse than looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack. For no manager is ever sure of his play nor of his public. Almost everyone in America writes plays. That they are novices at the game is easily seen from the manuscripts. A few, a precious few, live to see their efforts on the stage. Plays, even after acceptance, have been laid aside for years, though royalty payments must be made to authors at intervals in order to hold all rights to plays until definitely discarded or finally produced.

Theatrical offices are literally flooded with manuscripts. Play readers wade through the mass, submitted. Perhaps only one may contain a glimmer of an original idea. Would the Manager recognize it as such should he find it? Would the Manager produce it if he did find it? Does he? He does not. He prefers plays by recognized authors on subjects already holding public attention.

Follow the leader is a great managerial game. If a mystery play is a hit, the public is fed up on mystery plays until some bold spirit decides to change the diet.

THE COLLABORATION BEGINS

WHEN a reader has reported favorably on a play by an unknown author, if the manager thinks it has a chance, and if he needs a new play to fill the "open time" due to a "flop" of a current production, the author, instead of getting his darn play back for the 'steenth time, is summoned to the office of the producer.

The culprit-playwright receives a brief letter, much as if about to be sentenced to death:

"Mr. Playwright, City.

"Dear sir: Please call at my office about your play.

Manager."

Once past the office boy, arrogant guardian of the outer sanctum, Mr. Playwright comes face to face with Mr. Manager, corpulent, be-diamonded, aggressively prosperous.

"About yer play," begins the suave, courteous dictator of the American drama. "It's all wrong, but not a bad idea. Of course,

there'll have to be changes—changes yer can't make yerself. If yer willing to let Mr. Smith (the producing firm's playwright hack) collaborate with yer,—all right. You and he go fifty-fifty on royalty. If yer will fix it up, I'll put it on, an'—well, maybe, we'll make some money. I stand a mighty good chance of losin' whichever way the wind blows. Wot yer say? Can yer make

calling for but one set of scenery, lowering initial outlay, and in this day of high salaried actors, the small cast of six people gives an opportunity to come out on the right side of the ledger. Naturally, Mr. Manager prefers plays with few characters and but one set.

Of late years, big productions are left to Morris Gest, backed by Otto Kahn, for only a banker can share the financial strain of expenditures running into seven figures before the curtain is raised on the many sets of scenery built for plays in which scores of actors appear.

WHERE THEY STAND—FINANCIALLY

A FEW years ago, managers stalled and said: "Let George do it," until the old producing firm of Liebler & Co. "went broke."

David Belasco's reputation for lavish outlay was established through such mediums as *Du Barry*, *Adrea*, and reached the height of extravagance in *The Darling of the Gods*. But of late the astute Wizard has produced plays with small casts and few sets. Ben Roeder, Keeper of the Belasco Purse, must have been off watch when *The Merchant of Venice*, with its gorgeousness, was slipped over. But why worry? *Kiki* can supply the "cakes" for *The Merchant* for a long time to come. There was a time when Mr. Belasco could truthfully say: "I am a poor man. What I make on one play, I lose on the next." But frequent successes have finally placed him in the millionaire class.

The biggest event of the past year, financially and artistically, was the invasion of the Russian troupe. To Morris Gest must be given the credit

for the Moscow Art Theatre, for the *Chauve-Souris*, and the various imitators that have followed them. At the Jolson Theatre the highest priced admissions that jaded New Yorkers ever paid, were counted up nightly by Morris, the Master Showman, who can even get widespread publicity out of a Gray Ascot Hat which he says he bought out of the profits of his fellow-countrymen, and which he sports with the first evening suit he has ever worn.

"Al" Woods, apprentice of the famous Bartley Campbell, selects plays with his weather eye on the box office. "Bob" Campbell, son of Bartley, says: "No play is a good play unless the box office says so." Woods and George M. Cohan are both liberal spenders and may be safely classed as "Sure fire pickers." "Melodrama Al" finds it pays to appeal to the lower level, while Cohan relies on "the good old flag," or mother, or Mary, all safe bets. "Little Nellie Kelly" had the song hit, *You Remind Me of My Mother When She Was a Girl Like You*, and at the dress rehearsal,

(Continued on page 52)



Awed by the importance of the great Broadway Producer, the Playwright tremblingly puts his signature to the contract.

(Drawing by Wynne)

a play out of this mess yer sent me if I tell yer what I want? Speak up, 'cause I gotter go to the ball game and I ain't got time to fool around with you writin' guys."

Mr. Playwright's gulp evidently means assent to Mr. Manager, who continues:

"All right. Here's a contract,—regular Authors' League,—sign here."

At such a moment, Mr. Playwright, trembling with suppressed joy, would sign anything.

"Now take the 'script into the tall timber and fix it up accordin' to the tips I've written on the margin. Run along now. Here's some change. We calls it advance royalty."

Nearly all large theatrical producing firms have staff playwrights or "play doctors." Authors call them "play spoilers" or "royalty splitters," for their chief service seems to be giving back to the producer an added slice of royalty. The salary of these hack writers is a large item on the expense account of producing firms.

Mr. Playwright's piece has been accepted mainly because it takes place in one set,



The gay scene at the gaming table in the Italian Inn. His luck dead against him, the famous adventurer, Chevalier de Seingalt, is kept busy dodging his creditors and fighting a duel. There comes to the Inn a masked incognita. The Chevalier, immediately infatuated, resolves to win the fair unknown who only admits her name is Henriette. Once more the cards turn in his favor and promising Henriette at least ninety days of happiness on the proceeds of the gold just won, Casanova carries her off in a splendid coach, purchased for the occasion.



The ninety days of bliss come all too quickly to an end. The Chevalier, (Lowell Sherman) cannot conceive happiness without money, so regretfully he bids his dear Henriette (Katharine Cornell) a tender farewell. Only after she is gone does he realize what he has lost and, riches again falling miraculously into his lap, he sends swift couriers after her, but too late—

THE NEW PLAY

"Casanova" at the Empire Theatre, a Rich and Interesting Spectacle Drama



Left to right. Maud Gordon, Gilbert Emery, Helen Gahagan, William Morris, Paul Kelly. Harry (Paul Kelly) admits he's to blame for ruining an innocent girl, but Jean (Helen Gahagan), brought to the parents' house by Uncle Dick (Gilbert Emery), smilingly denies she is ruined and scandalizes Mrs. Maury by her calm, unruffled demeanor.



(Below) Harry insists now that they get married. The child alters everything. He must marry her. It is his duty. But Jean refuses a union in which there is only a question of duty, not of love. No one is surprised when Uncle Dick steps in and proposes.



Mr. Maury (William Morris), unable to understand why Jean should come to the house unless it is to demand a business settlement, blunderingly offers her money.



Only to Harry she confides the real reason. She doesn't blame him in the least. It was her fault as much as his. But there is one thing he must know before he goes away—there will soon be a baby.

THE NEW PLAY

"Chains" the Playhouse, a Sex Drama with a Novel and Daring Thesis

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



Casanova

Romantic drama in three acts by Lorenzo de Azertis, produced by A. H. Woods and Gilbert Miller at the Empire Theatre on September 26th with following cast:

Henriette, Katharine Cornell; Casanova, Lowell Sherman; The Inn-keeper at Cesena, Edward Le Hay; Leduc, Ernest Cossart; Monsieur Dubois, Victor Benoit; The Abbe Bernis, Horace Braham; The Inn-keeper at Geneva, A. G. Andrews; Monsieur Antoine, David Glassford; The Beautiful Governess, Gypsy O'Brien; The Dancer From Milan, Mary Ellis; The Courtesan, Judith Vosselli; Rose, Sheila Hayes; Manon, Nellie Burt.

THIS play, based upon the well-known *Memoirs* of the famous 18th century Italian adventurer, Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, deals with a single amatory episode in an extraordinary career made up of hundreds of such episodes.

What a character to tempt the imagination of a dramatist or test the ability of an actor! Casanova—the dissolute libertine, the poet, the abbé, the soldier, the common swindler, the statesman, the scholar, the man of fashion, the charlatan, the financier, the sensational jail breaker, the seducer and procurer of women—the world has never known a more versatile or accomplished rascal.

The dramatist has taken for the purpose of the present play Casanova's affair with Henriette—a brief *liaison* that is but a passing incident in the eight formidable volumes which form the remarkable autobiography, and yet this love romance with a gentlewoman whose real identity he never knew, was perhaps the only true passion the great adventurer ever experienced.

The play departs only slightly from the facts. At the opening of Act I we see Casanova gambling with dis-

solute companions in the inn at Cesena. The libertine is at the end of his tether. The cards have cleaned him out; creditors are pressing. Comes to the Inn a masked lady, escorted by an old officer. Immediately infatuated, the Chevalier sets out to win her. Actually, when Casanova first saw her at the Inn, Henriette was dressed, not in exquisite gowns, but as a young man, and it was in this guise that, after listening to his impassioned wooing and he had recouped himself at cards, she went away with him for their ninety days of happiness, he purchasing feminine attire for her on the way.

She did not desert him at Geneva because his funds had again run low, but because an ultimatum from her aristocratic family left her no alternative. Before she went, however, she did scratch on the hotel window pane with her diamond: "You'll also forget Henriette." The sudden windfall of money and the frenzied dispatch by Casanova of couriers to fetch her back, is a pure invention of the dramatist, but it is a good device, for it injects a note of comedy after the painful scene of farewell, and the arrival of the three other Henriettes whom the over-zealous couriers have mistaken for the

real one, gives the only opportunity there is in the play to depict Casanova in his true character—an incorrigible libertine.

Henriette saw him only once again, fifteen years later, but he, then infatuated with another woman, failed to recognize her. She wrote him a beautiful letter, long after their separation, saying that they were both getting old, that she would never forget him and would never take another lover, but she did not expect, or even wish, him to be as faithful to her memory. She had no daughter to come and sit at his sick bed and remind him of his past, nor did he die as he is made to do in this play. On the contrary, he lived joyously and basked in the smiles of other favorites to the very end of his long life.

To have attracted and held so many beautiful and accomplished women, Casanova must have possessed unusual powers of fascination, charm of person and charm of manner. We know that he was handsome, witty, eloquent. Lowell Sherman only partly fulfills these requirements.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

CASANOVA—A highly colored, romantic spectacle of 18th century Italy. A pathetic and interesting love story enlivened with good comedy.

CHILDREN OF THE MOON—An exceedingly strong and interesting play on a most unusual theme. Some of the best acting seen in New York in years.

IN LOVE WITH LOVE—Amusing rapid-fire comedy with delightful acting by Lynn Fontanne and supporting cast.

THE CHANGELINGS—A brilliant cast of players in one of the most interesting and intellectual comedies which have graced Broadway in many seasons.

THE LULLABY—A vivid melodrama of French underworld life. Admirably acted by Florence Reed and supporting cast. Not desirable fare for immature minds.

THE WOMAN ON THE JURY—Fairly interesting melodrama with two excellent last acts in which Mary Newcomb does some fine emotional acting.

He lacks the grace, the elegance, the grand air of the period. His love making is conventional. In his wooing he appears sinister rather than tender. His performance is labored, mechanical. He saws the air too much with his arms. He was at his best in the death scene, but at no time did he ever let us think it was anything but acting.

Not so with Katharine Cornell, who plays Henriette. Piquant, vivacious, arch, she was the life of the play. It was a beautiful performance, the memory of which will linger. It seems incredible that this young actress, who not so long ago we saw impersonating the ugly, deformed girl in *The Enchanted Cottage*, could be the same vision of beauty and grace who smiled and curtsied in the fantastic hoop skirts of the early eighteenth century.

As drama, *Casanova* is somewhat wanting, but as a romantic spectacle, it is picturesque and interesting. Mr. Gilbert Miller has given the play a sumptuous setting, surrounding it with all the color, atmosphere, rich fabrics and luxury for which the period is noted. The prologue, with carnival dancing by the Fokine Ballet, is unusually decorative and effective.

The Lullaby

Drama in four acts by Edward Knoblock, produced by Charles Dillingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre on September 17th. Cast:

Madelon, Florence Reed; Rosalie, Grace Perkins; La Poule, Marianne Walter; Mariette, Alice Fleming; Elise, Mary Robson; Claudet, Leonard Mudie; Jacques, Harold Elliot; Salignac, Henry Plimmer; Victor Le beau, Rupert Lumley; Count Boretti, Frank Morgan; Fred Maynard, Charles Trowbridge.

THIS melodrama of French underworld life in the early seventies by the always interesting Mr. Knoblock, whose *Marie Odile*, *My Lady's Dress* and *Kismet* are remembered among the best things of the contemporary theatre, may not be high art, but its a darn good show.

The story it tells, that of the harlot's progress, is one of the oldest in the world. The critical will shake their heads and damn it as stale, conventional stuff, reminiscent of *Camille* and every other stage wanton who has tearfully stalked the boards bemoaning her impaired innocence. But the dramatist, while he does not throw any new light on the ancient industry of harlotry, has succeeded in dishing up old material in a new and picturesque way. What he gives us is a rapid action, very human story, a series of dramatic episodes rather than a play, and I defy anyone—no matter how hard boiled or cynical—to sit through its twelve throbbing, highly colored scenes and not be stirred by the most unselfish of human emotions—compassion and sympathy for Madelon, the simple little country village girl, who goes through the fires of Hell and becomes a common strumpet through a chain of circumstances which a stronger character might perhaps have been able to avoid, but which she, at any rate, was powerless to control. The piece, highly seasoned

hokum as it may be, holds you. It is well acted—superlatively well acted—by Florence Reed and her associates. What more do you demand of the theatre?

There is one scene in the play that is unpleasant, if not repellant, and it ought to be cut, if only out of regard for public decency. That is where Madelon, completely abandoned by her former intimates and now sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, is seen plying her trade in the African town of Tunis, a hardened, cynical prostitute. Dead to the past, a slave to drink and drugs, nothing now matters. Painted and bedecked, she lures chance passers-by to her sensuous bower, all conditions and colors of men, white, black, yellow, having equal claim to her favors. Only sailors she refuses to have anything to do with. Her boy—whom she lost years ago—was a sailor. Anyone except a sailor. That resolve is the one shred of self-respect left to her. Comes slouching along a young sailor. He is drunk and, demanding entertainment, hotly resents her rebuff. Kindly, sadly, she explains that she once had a son—a sailor. Who knows? He might be her own son. Whereupon the sailor makes a

violent scene. In vilest language he curses and beats her. Frenzied at the mere suggestion that his mother, whom he never knew, might be a prostitute, he seizes a gun and pulls a trigger. They struggle and the weapon is discharged behind closed doors. When the police break their way in, the boy is lying on his mother's bed—dead. The scene, though admirably acted by Miss Reed and Leonard Mudie as the sailor, is more than unsavory. It is disgusting. Nothing can excuse its retention.

Miss Reed has never been seen to better advantage. Her acting in this play more than redeems her shortcomings in *East of Suez* and is again proof that in her we have an actress of unusual powers, great versatility and almost unlimited capabilities. Tender, charming, lovable as the young girl and petted favorite enjoying life to the full while barely realizing where she was drifting, and in the later scenes, as the disillusioned, embittered harlot, spitting back at Society and her natural enemy, Man, all the venom that suffering and injustice have caused to gather in her heart, she presented a picture of human bestiality and degradation that was at once terrible, tragic and true.

Chains

Play in three acts by Jules Eckert Goodman, produced by William A. Brady at the Playhouse on September 19, with the following cast:

John Maury, William Morris; Maud, Maude Turner Gordon; Harry, Paul Kelly; Grace, Katherine Alexander; Richard, Gilbert Emery; Jean Trowbridge, Helen Gahagan.

SOME of the more ingenious of our dramatists, casting about for an idea for a new play, think the best way to attract audiences is to formulate some radical, startling theory on the ever fecund sex question. But not infrequently the desire to stimulate box office receipts by throwing off the shackles of convention and shocking Mrs. Grundy leads these pseudo-philosophers into strange and dangerous paths. Instead of their teachings being accepted as profound truths and panaceas for present-day social problems, they themselves come perilously near being derided as false and mischievous prophets.

In *Chains* the curious thesis is advanced that morality is merely a point of view, that if a young woman, a free, independent soul, wishes to transgress the moral code—which, under our present system condemns and ostracizes a girl who has intimate relations with a man without marriage—she is perfectly justified and may still remain a member of society in good standing, provided that she be willing to shoulder the consequences and herself make provision for the child that may result from such illegal and irregular cohabitation.

John Maury and his wife are plain, every-day Americans of the well-to-do class. The father entirely devoted to his family, has only one vice. He sometimes prefers a pipe to a cigar and Mrs. Maury simply can't stand pipes. Otherwise, she is an intelligent, amiable woman, with strict, old-fashioned notions of right and wrong and wholly wrapped up in her two children, one a rather troublesome and flighty flapper daughter of sixteen, the other a youth, Harry, who left college a year ago and is trying to find himself. The father wants his son to enter his factory, but Harry hangs back.

Suddenly, he blurts out that he wants to go away to South America with Uncle Dick—a restless, roving, Bohemian member of the family of whose radical views Mrs. Maury has never approved—who sails the next day. The parents are thunderstruck. Why such haste? When the mother leaves the room, the son makes full confession. He is in trouble. There is a woman—a girl named Jean Trowbridge he met at College. They jizzed and chummed together. How it happened he doesn't know. They've quarreled since and he never sees her. But, he realizes he has ruined a decent, innocent girl. He must go away and get a fresh start.

Harry goes out and Uncle Dick arrives. Yes, he'll take the lad with him, but first the mess with the girl must be cleared up. The boy can't look like a coward running away. Jean comes in—a quiet, self-possessed young person. She is not angry or upset in the least, not nearly as flustered as Maury père, who blunderingly follows the usual clumsy tactics, and offers her money. With calm dignity she resents the insult. She has not come to make demands. She asks nothing. She heard Harry was going away and merely came to say goodbye. Perplexed, suspecting some trick, the father presses her to reveal her hand. She smilingly insists there is nothing to reveal. She says she knew perfectly well what she was about and does not blame his son in the least. She merely asks the favor of seeing Harry for a moment alone. He comes in and she tells him there is a child. Dumbfounded, he exclaims that now he cannot go. He must stay and marry her. It's his duty. She shakes her head. "That is just why I won't marry you." You speak of duty—not of love.

Marriage, without love, is immoral—that is the argument. No one questions its truth. But there is the practical side to the problem as well as the sentimental side. What about the baby? The dramatist disposes easily of that. She will support the child herself without asking anyone's help. As a matter of fact, Uncle Dick, whom I rather suspected from the first of taking more than an academic interest in the discussion, now steps conveniently forward and asks Jean to marry him. A very pretty solution to the difficulty, but unfortunately Uncle Dicks are not always available in such emergencies.

The play is well written and, if one can overlook the false premises, the situations are dramatic enough and of sufficient human interest to compel attention. But the ending, lame and untrue to the verities of life, is not convincing.

It is well acted. Helen Gahagan, a comparative newcomer, whose speech and manner remind one forcibly of Ethel Barrymore in her earlier years, in the rôle of Jean, the self-appointed martyr, again convinced Broadway of her unusual acting ability. Her work is marked by fine intelligence, deep feeling, extraordinary self-restraint and admirable poise. One drawback is her voice. The organ is either weak or she does not use it properly. She enunciates well, but there is no volume of sound. For this reason many of her words are lost.

The rather caddish part of Harry was well played by Paul Kelly, and Katherine Alexander made an individual hit as the flapper. Gilbert Emery, a better playwright than he is an actor, seemed ill at ease. Well he might be. His Machivellian purpose is only too plain. Maude Gordon was a capital mother, and that old favorite, William Morris, gave dignity and poise to the rôle of the father.

The Changelings

Comedy in three acts and an Epilogue by Lee Wilson Dodd produced at the Henry Miller Theatre, by Henry Miller's Theatre Company on September 17th, with the following cast:

Dora Faber, Laura Hope Crews; Karen Aldcroft, Blanche Bates; Fenwick Faber, Reginald Mason; Wallace Aldcroft, Henry Miller; Fisher, Elmer Brown; Wicky Faber, Geoffrey Kerr; Kay Faber, Ruth Chatterton; Clyde Halstead, Felix Krembs; Degan, Walter Baldwin.

IN his comedy, *The Changelings*, Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd presents an interesting dramatic idea in the spectacle of two elderly couples, discovering after some fifteen or twenty years of comfortable married life, that they are—by all the tenets of a modernized psychology—mated, each to the wrong individual.

Disciples of Freudian inhibitions and complexes may feel that, in his delightful satire on the latest "isms" and their sometimes devastating effects, Mr. Dodd has not done full justice to the theme. I feel, however, that he has scored a neat *riposte* against a horde of fashionable excuses for unconventional behavior and moral laxity.

The play opens with Mr. and Mrs. Faber (Reginald Mason and Laura Hope Crews) and Mr. and Mrs. Aldcroft (Henry Miller and Blanche Bates) old, old friends, whose son and daughter, respectively, have recently married, visiting together on an evening in the Aldcroft's home.

They are pleasantly engrossed with their usual platitudes when in bursts Wicky Faber, the son (Geoffrey Kerr) to announce that his wife, Kay (Ruth Chatterton) has left him for another man. Under the stress of this awkward situation, the old friends immediately begin to react according to their several natures.

During the ensuing action father Aldcroft and mother Faber and father Faber and mother Aldcroft find themselves subscribing to the suspicion that perhaps they too have, all these years, been mated to the wrong individuals. So close do they verge to a sentimental expression of this conviction that Kay, the runaway wife, driven home at the last moment by a feeling of revulsion for what she is doing, is almost driven back into the arms of her lover at the sight of father Faber and her mother in a consoling embrace.

Gradually, sometimes to the tune of an ironic humor, the three couples are brought to their senses. One by one the bubbles of their theories are pricked, their advanced ideas held up as tinsel decorations which bear little or no relation to the true personalities beneath them. In the final analysis, all concerned find that they are married to human natures, and not to ideas. "*Plus ça change—plus c'est la même chose*," Talleyrand's famous phrase, with which the program concludes, seems more or less justified.

Henry Miller as father Aldcroft makes a lovable though crusty old "fundamentalist," and as his "advanced" wife, Blanche Bates is absolutely in character. Laura Hope Crews as mother Faber is quite adorable and her delicate comedy has seldom had a better opportunity for expression. Then there is Ruth Chatterton, charmingly effective as a pampered, self-indulgent flapper.

If you like a certain cerebral stimulation along with your theatrical entertainment I advise you to see *The Changelings*. It is perhaps our first genuine American comedy of manners, of a distinct literary quality.



Mary Westlake, the famous actress (*Mrs. Fiske*), comes to the country vicarage to hear its young playwright (*Geoffrey Considine*) read his new poetic drama.



Timid and impulsive as most budding dramatists, Geoffrey (*Francis Lister*) is completely infatuated with the actress who, in a spirit of mischief, leads him to think his passion is reciprocated.



The actress's flirtatious ways are so irresistible that even the dignified Sir Henry (*C. Aubrey Smith*)—an old diplomat who ought to have known better—falls a victim to her wiles.

Photos White, N. Y.



Sir Henry is inveigled into taking a midnight row on the lake, and the actress contrives to lose the oars. They drift all night and turn up in the morning soaked, bedraggled, the governor utterly exhausted, but the actress saucy and buoyant as ever.



Sheila (*Nora Swinburne*), who has always considered herself Geoffrey's intended, resents the actress's familiarities and, determined to put an end to an intolerable situation, demands an explanation.

THE NEW PLAY

Mrs. Fiske in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" a Delightful St. John Ervine Comedy



Madelon (*Florence Reed*), simple, trusting country girl, tells her lover (*Harold Elliott*) that they must be married at once to save her reputation.



Driven from home, Madelon finds in Fred Maynard (*Charles Trowbridge*) a kind and generous protector. They celebrate their first anniversary by entertaining friends.



Fred has had to return to America and Salignac (*Henry Plimmer*), who sees profit in it for himself, persuades Madelon to take a new lover, Count Boretti.



Reduced to actual want, robbed of her child, Madelon sees only one way out—the charcoal burner.

Count Boretti (*Frank Morgan*), well-known international crook, when cornered by the police, accuses Madelon of having betrayed him.



Twenty years pass. Having sunk as low as woman can fall Madelon is now a common prostitute in Tunis. Painted and bedecked, she sits in her bower luring chance passersby until one day—

THE NEW PLAY

"The Lullaby" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, A Vivid and Well Acted Melodrama

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

Comedy in three acts by St. John Ervine, produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre on September 11, with the following cast:

Mrs. Considine, Winifred Fraser; Sheila, Nora Swinburne; Geoffrey, Francis Lister; Sir Henry, C. Aubrey Smith; Rev. Peter Considine, Orlando Daly; Mary Westlake, Mrs. Fiske; Tori, Naoko Kondo; Mr. Hobbs, A. P. Kaye; Jenny, Audrey Cameron; Ellen, Gladys Burgess; Miss Mimms, Florence Edney; Mr. Beeby, Lennox Pawle.

THE author of the sombre *John Ferguson* and the still more drab *Jane Clegg* in a lighter, more joyous mood, and Mrs. Fiske in a typical Minnie Maddern rôle, that of Mary Westlake, the temperamental actress, capricious, mischievous, jauntily, impudent, intellectual, as piquant and delightful a character as New York has seen in several seasons—these are reasons enough why St. John Ervine's new comedy, *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*, will fill the Belasco Theatre for months to come.

It was to be expected that when Mrs. Fiske came under the direction of Mr. Belasco, there would be an end of the managerial blunders which of late years have kept this fine actress from occupying her true place in the sun. It was inconceivable why this favorite comedienne who delighted us as Nora, Hedda, Tess, Salvation Nell, Becky Sharpe should ever have been permitted to waste her time and talents on such rubbish as *The Dice of the Gods*. It was also a safe bet that the bad mannerisms and defects of speech which, perhaps unconsciously—to point them out—Mrs. Fiske has allowed to mar the perfect artistry of her work, would be corrected. And so it came to pass. In the St. John Ervine comedy Belasco has found her a play which admirably suits her pert, jocund, waggish, brisk personality, and what is still more wonderful, all the old faults of spasmodic, indistinct, jerky utterance, which used to exasperate her warmest admirers, are so improved as to be now almost negligible. Her present vehicle—a slight little comedy of gentle satire and playful humor—affords almost limitless scope for the exercise of that dry humor, whimsical speech, sharp retorts and biting sarcasm of which Mrs. Fiske was ever a past mistress, and furnishes her with one of the best light comedy rôles she has had in years.

The plot, though thin, keeps one interested throughout, and the laughter is incessant. Briefly, Geoffrey Considine, a young country dramatist, has written a poetic drama, and he asks the fashionable actress, Mary Westlake, with whom, of course, he is hopelessly infatuated, to come down to his father's vicarage to hear the piece read. In a spirit of jest, the actress consents. She arrives with her manager, a typical London bouncer, and the fun begins. Sheila, the dramatist's cousin, who considers Geoffrey her intended, hotly resents the actress's coming, especially when she notes the familiarities and endearments that pass between Mrs. Westlake and her cousin. Also stopping at the vicarage is Sir Henry Considine, a dignified diplomat of the old school. He, too, falls victim to the wiles of the actress. She inveigles him into going rowing on the lake and then loses the oars so they drift alone all night to the great scandal of the clergyman's household. Finally, Mrs. Westlake convinces Sheila that she never had any serious intentions in regard to Geoffrey or Sir Henry and finally takes her departure, much to the relief of all.

Mrs. Fiske is well supported. That admirable comedian, C. Aubrey Smith, was excellent as the diplomat, playing the part in a delightfully natural vein. A. P. Kaye was very funny and true to type as the London manager. Francis Lister did well as the amorous dramatist, and Florence Edney contributed a clever character bit as a militant girl scout.

The Crooked Square

Play in three acts by Samuel Shipman and Alfred C. Kennedy, produced by Mrs. Henry B. Harris at the Hudson Theatre on September 10, with the following cast:

Pete, Edward Power; James Darnell, John Park; Barbara Kirkwood, Edna Hibbard; Thomas Harvey, Claude King; Robert Colby, Kenneth McKenna; Annie Jordan, Ruth Donnelly; Laura, Dorothy West; Mrs. Emily Burnham, Leonore Harris; Mr. Edgemore, C. Henry Gordon; Miss Darby, Grace Burgess; Mr. Dodson, Franklyn Hanna; Toyo, T. Tamamoto; Prince Stefano Solenski, Georges Renavant; Alice Harvey, Gladys Hanson.

BROADWAY is "The Crooked Square." This original and advanced idea unmistakably stamps the play as one of those mad, impossible melodramas which, from time to time, are visited upon us for our sins. Barbara Kirkwood wants honest work and receives dishonest propositions from every man she interviews. Hungry, weak—according to the two authors, "in a daze"—she picks up a lad on Broadway and goes with him to a questionable furnished room (as she was "in a daze" she thought he was taking her to his family for a square meal—this brilliant maiden subsequently outwits a combination of super-crooks) and there the man turns out to be a remnant of Costigan's Vice Squad or something, and arrests her for working Broadway. "Framed," she is sent to a reformatory.

The band of crooks, acquiring useful tools by liberating clever girls from prisons, secure her release. On Christmas Eve, with the chimes ringing, Babby and a real pal, her buddy, leave the institution to begin their careers as stool-pigeons. Here some curious society people are drawn into the plot and permitted to perform such strange antics as a brother's reference to his sister among her most intimate friends as "Mrs. Harvey," and a Russian Prince's announcement that he would take the ladies to the opera as he was "suitably dressed for it," arrayed like the incarnation of "Fashion Park." But it appears that Babby's job was to catch the Prince less formally arrayed and in said Mrs. Harvey's gracious company. Babby loves the lady's brother and she just can't do it. There, in a magnificent Gothic interior, like a cross between Ovington's shop-window and a Cecil de Mille set, Babby outwits the cunningest band of villains operating on "The Crooked Square."

Everybody is very happy in the end, especially Messrs. Shipman and Kennedy who are not high school boys though one might suspect it from this melodrama. It does give a crowd of actors work, with fair prospects of a run.

Poppy

A musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly, music by Stephen Jones and Arthur Samuels, produced by Philip Goodman at the Apollo Theatre on September 3, with the following cast:

Sarah Tucker, Maud Ream Stover; Shorty, William Blanche; Amos Sniffen, Jimmy Barry; Mary Delafield, Luella Gear; William Van Wyck, Alan Edwards; Princess Vronski, Emma Janvier; Mortimer Pottle, Robert Woolsey; Prof. Eustace McGargle, W. C. Fields; Poppy McGargle, Madge Kennedy; Judge Delafield, Hugh Chilvers; Premier Dancer, Marion Chambers.

NO fear of this *Poppy* becoming a drug on the market. To begin with, there is pretty music—nothing symphonic nor impressionistic—; just pretty melodies that you find yourself humming at breakfast the next morning. Then there is Madge Kennedy, as Poppy McGargle, who makes you think of summer skies, and daisies in the grass, and graduation day at High School. And perhaps, if you are of a sentimental disposition, you may weep a little when Judge Delafield sternly declares that Poppy must leave her beloved but migratory foster-daddy, Professor Eustace McGargle—forever!

It is a slim plot, but convincing enough. Poppy, the ward of a travelling gambler and medicine-man, whom she refers to as Daddy, arrives at the County Fair at Meadowbrook, Conn. Here she meets Mr. William Van Wyck, the wealthy scion of one of the prominent families of Meadowbrook, who promptly falls in love with her. Next comes the disclosure of a small village drama, involving a legacy, never claimed by its rightful owner, and now being sought by a wily fortune hunter. Seeing a chance to make money, Prof. McGargle pretends that his ward, Poppy, is really the missing heiress. All would have been lovely except for the fact that Poppy discovers the subterfuge and refuses to go through with it. In the last act it turns out that Poppy is really the true and rightful owner of the legacy—most unexpected, to be sure,—and everything ends happily.

W. C. Fields, as Professor Eustace McGargle, is one of the funniest comedians I have seen in many a moon. He talks, and he struts, and he acts, and he juggles—as in the old vaudeville days—with a suavity and perfection that is inimitable. And if you haven't laughed enough at Mr. Fields, there is Jimmy Barry, in the rôle of Amos Sniffen, the village constable, as fine a bit of broad character acting as you could wish to see, and Robert Woolsey, as Mortimer Pottle, a pert and refreshingly humorous young lawyer.

Poppy is charmingly old-fashioned—its action transpires in the palmy days of 1874. It has a quartet of most graceful dancers in Hilda Burt, Lucretia Craig, Violet Vale and Victoria White. But there are no nude newel-posts, chemise ballets, or tightless leg shows. The costumes, by Charles Le Maire, are tastefully designed for the period they represent and their various color combinations are delightful.

Peter Weston

Play in four acts by Frank Dazey and Leighton Osmun, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Sam H. Harris Theatre on September 18, with this cast:

Isabelle Weston, Millicent Hanley; James Weston, Jay Hanna; Jessie Weston, Judith Anderson; The Maid, Hope Brown; Peter Weston, Frank Keenan; John Weston, Clyde North; Henry Vannard, Fred Mosley; Paul Vannard, Wilfred Lytell; The Butler, Geo. W. Barnum; William Harris, Paul Everton; The Police Officer, A. O. Huhn.

PETER WESTON is a Frank Keenan character. Mr. Keenan understands him. Nobody else would want to. Despite all this, the play interests and has some stirring moments.

(Continued on page 54)

The Return of Eleanora Duse

Poignant Impressions Gleaned from Personal Acquaintance With the Great Italian Actress

By ALICE ROHE



ELEANORA DUSE
in *The Dead City*.

WHEN Eleanora Duse returns here late this month, her reappearance, after twenty years, will be a dramatic event with an appeal reaching far beyond the walls of the theatre on to the greater stage of human life.

This return of the greatest actress of modern times, mourned as lost to Art for nearly two decades, stirs the imagination of the entire range of theatregoers, from the "great minority" of intellectuals, who still main-

tain that the theatre should and can be a temple of Art, to the vast majority who react only to thrills and obvious emotions.

Quite naturally, Morris Gest, who, in this Platitude Age of pseudo-internationalism, has taught us, unwaveringly, that Art is international, has achieved this return of Duse. That Mr. Gest, sponsor also of Max Reinhardt, has the vision and the initiative to accomplish this is due, partly, to the change in the attitude of mind in America, for which he is largely responsible. Last year this manager who, in addition to acquiring the title, "greatest showman in the business"—has evidenced an unerring instinctive feeling for the artistic, demonstrated an incontrovertible truth. He brought to America the Moscow Art Theatre, the greatest unit of artists in the world. He brought them, at risk of big financial loss, because he believed that Art transcends the limitations of language, that the highest dramatic interpretive expression has an international tongue. The almost unprecedented crowds which packed the Jolson Theatre proved that he was right.

AN EXACTING STAR

IT has taken courage and an adaptability to exacting requirements to bring Eleanora Duse to America. This actress with her great art, which rises above these superficialities that too often make acting of secondary importance, is entrenched in an impregnable fortress of unprecedented customs. She will give but two performances a week; she will appear without make-up; she will surround herself with more eccentricities than any star known to impressario.

When Duse made her unexpected return to the stage over a year ago in Italy her managers were in despair on account of her peculiarities. At her own expense she

had the Costanza Theatre at Rome heated for seven days before she would enter it. She never appears at rehearsals with her company so that the cast sees her for the first time at the performance. During rehearsals a prompter reads her lines. For Duse's health demands every conservation of her strength.

Naturally, these eccentricities do not seem capricious when you sit face to face with this tragic, white-haired woman, whose eyes are the saddest in the world. There is a nobility in Duse's sorrow, and her sufferings have given her a white glow of spirituality that makes you forget the talk of idiosyncrasies.

Last summer when Duse broke her long silence and granted me, for the THEATRE MAGAZINE, the first interview she had given in many years, she talked longingly of a desire to return to America, to submerge herself in a "land of optimism," to see what she called the phenomenon of young actresses dominating the stage.

MARKED CHANGE IN THE ACTRESS

I SAW her at Livorno (Leghorn) where she was appearing in Marco Praga's *La Porta Chiusa*, (*The Closed Door*) and Ibsen's *La Donna del Mare*, (*The Lady from the Sea*). She seemed a woman returning reluctantly into the glare of the footlights, from the shadows into which she had shrunk, when the tragedy came that deprived Art of its greatest dramatic expression.

I saw her play after I had interviewed her and the fact that I felt the intangible struggle of a brave woman fighting inhibitions was no doubt due to the indelible impression I had received of a great soul wounded by disillusion.

Of these two plays, *La Porta Chiusa* is one in which Duse's supreme art of portraying human suffering becomes at times almost unbearable. It is this play, Duse told me, she felt sure America would understand. It is a tragedy of mother love. The discovery by the son that his father is the family friend and not the cad to whom his mother is married, precipitates a drama of situations quite un-American even in understanding. Yet the tragedy in these dramatic scenes—emotional dialogues between mother, real father and son, is so poignant that everything pales before the agonizing art of this suffering mother.

No one can deny the change in Duse since those early days in New York when she last appeared here in D'Annunzio's plays. Today Duse is older, frailer, even more "spirit" than before, but more than any actress in modern times she transcends now, as always, the physical. There is a deeper melancholy, not only in the line of the sensitive mouth, in the sad eyes, but in the fine spiritual flame of her genius. And the beautiful hands still speak as eloquently as her eyes.

In that strange and almost inexplicable

drama, *The Lady from the Sea*, the spirit of Duse shines with that power which has always raised her over the barrier of language out of the limitations of a Latin actress into the internationalism of Art.

And yet when I saw her in Livorno she had not yet reached the complete self-realization of her supreme art which the unprecedented acclaim of London has since given her. Thus, the critic of the *Morning Post*, for example, upon the occasion of her appearance in Ibsen's *The Lady from the Sea*—the first of her London series:

"A little woman so frail that it seemed a breath would blow her away, haggard and pale in the merciless footlights, with no paint or powder to soften their glare, talking, pleading, smiling and crying just as any woman does—such was the Duse yesterday afternoon when she held spellbound an audience that filled every seat in the house. It was consummate art, a mysterious personality with a transcendent capacity of suffering and understanding all human things, in a word genius inexplicable and divine, which held the attention of spectators for the most part understanding but a few words of what Duse said, riveted on her every gesture as though their lives depended on it."

In Italy, even beneath the buoyant and loving welcome of her countrymen, her unquenchable genius never entirely dissipated the mist of personal sadness which surrounded her.

And now—Art once more has triumphed over Nature!

Now, more than ever, I realize the unusual experience of contrasts which that interview with Duse brought, there by the sea in Livorno. Within two weeks I had obtained for the THEATRE MAGAZINE the last interview ever granted by Sarah Bernhardt and the first granted by Duse. Bernhardt, though many years older than Duse, and hopelessly crippled, seemed alight with an unquenchable fire—a love of life. Duse, brushing her white hair from her face, with those expressive hands, seemed struggling desperately against her own desires, to fan the flame of life from dead ashes. And now, again, Bernhardt's comparison of herself and Duse re-echoes significantly: "I am a greater comedienne than Duse, but she is a greater tragedienne than I."

LOOKS TO AMERICA

BOTH had talked of America, toward which both looked with eager eyes. Duse talking with genuine longing of the country which she called the land of optimism and youth.

Of D'Annunzio's plays and the probability of her ever presenting them we did not speak, for one of the warnings given when the interview was arranged was that the name of the man who wrote *Il Fuoco* should not be mentioned.

(Concluded on page 50)



ELEANORA DUSE

A Tragic, White Haired Woman Whose Eyes Are the Saddest in the World

Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORNETTE

XXVI.—Mrs. FISKE

IT is one of the romances of the world of make-believe that Mrs. Fiske has passed under the Belasco aegis.



Back in the dim decades of their early endeavors, when she was only Minnie Maddern, a promise, and most persons called him what his mother did, "Davey," she was the object of his ardent, though youthfully transient, incense burning. She

told it herself at a banquet given to her by the Society of Arts and Sciences. She told mischievously, with a quirk of lips and a sparkle of twin imps in her extraordinarily live eyes, that he used to call at the stage door and invite her to "go riding around" with him. "Riding around" meant traveling from one end of the Elevated Roads to the other, looking into people's homes," she said.

The dim decades have faded into Broadway tradition. Here we are, crossing the threshold of the crowded present, into the beckoning future, and the "Davey" of that time, replaced by "The Gov'nor" of this, is saying to me in his hundred thousand dollar studio atop his theatre in New York, of her who now is statelily known as Mrs. Fiske: "It is a very real joy to me to direct Mrs. Fiske. I expect a tremendous success. I have found a very good play for her. She is at the zenith of her career."

Those who esteem her as the greatest English speaking actress, and those of cooler view, agree upon two points. Mrs. Fiske had mannerisms, head waggings, knee shakings, chin tiltings, that were parts of every performance of hers. One expected them as he does the man to drop his other boot on the floor above. As surely and as apprehensively and with the same distaste. She had, too, an exasperatingly faulty enunciation. Would she, accounted the most celestial actress in America, permit herself to be shorn of these hoary characteristics? Would she "accept direction" from the greatest man of the theatre? Recalling the pitiable fortnight of her appearance in that nightmare, *The Dice of the Gods*, her last appearance in New York, we remembered that life humbles all of us and exclaimed with earnestness: "She will. Of a certainty." Our hope was doubled by the knowledge that the Wizard handles his talent as a potter his clay, gently, coaxingly, with subtle shaping. "I woo my players as a lover his sweetheart" is his rehearsal slogan. And the miracle happened. The Belasco spell had not been cast in vain. When the actress appeared in the guise of *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*, the mannerisms that had clung burr-like to the skirt of her art throughout our recollection of her had almost completely disappeared.

Mrs. Fiske, the woman, has two conspicuous characteristics. She is the lone wolf of the stage. Alone, as is Frank Munsey of the many magazines and newspapers. Alone, as Woodrow Wilson in Washington. Alone, as Mark Twain when in his last illness he cried: "I am as lonely as God."

She is not a friend maker. She shuns the human rabble. The only crowd she can endure is a "full house" in the theatre. She declines social invitations. She seeks the wilds for her spiritual sustenance as for her physical recreation. A daughter of solitude! Her second outstanding personal trait is her exceeding love for, and understanding of, animals. She shivers in cloth in winter because she will not suffer the destruction of any furbearing animal to furnish warmth and comfort for her. On her way back to the metropolis, after a summer in the forests of Canada, she said to a fellow traveler: "I dread meeting my pet dog. I'm afraid he will know that I loved and fondled another dog this summer."

A pronounced original is Mrs. Fiske. A jewel, deep, lambent, in simple setting, occupying a place separate and alone in the Tiffany showcase of the theatre.

XXVII.—HENRY MILLER

STRANGE sight, Henry Miller enduring the public gaze. At a public gathering, facing the units of the mass without intervention of footlights. The war against the Actors' Equity Association has led to that change in him. He is the president of the Actors' Fidelity Association.

An unintentional Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, he hates the Hyde side of him as he dislikes the public gaze other than at the theatre. "If only I could quell the ferocious spirit that rises in me when people differ with me." He said this to me with the contrition of a boy bending humble head before his school mistress.

For no simoon ever blew more hotly than his fury at some rehearsals. No north wind ever froze more wholly than he the unfortunate object of his sarcasm. But he is sorry. There is the javelin point of the matter. He is deeply sorry. He has apologized to a company with which he lost his temper. He makes an effort to preface his criticism with an acknowledgment of the company's points of excellence. On one occasion he said: "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. I am happy to say that yesterday's rehearsal was characterized by smoothness of utterance. I was also gratified by the fact that everyone was letter perfect in his part—"

A pause. The company looked apprehensive. That beloved old woman of the stage, Mrs. Whiffen, looked up brightly, smiled roguishly and said, "But?" She was right. Though the clouds of impending storm were blown away by laughter. Mr. Miller delivered a scathing criticism of the previous day's work.

I could forgive Henry Miller for his Vesuvian eruptions at rehearsals and on more intimate occasions, because he himself so profoundly deprecates them and so frankly admits them. A mistake confessed is a mistake forgotten. Most of his actors receive chastisement in that spirit. Unlike Arnold Daly, that king of terrors at rehearsals, he does not say "Actors ought to be whipped. One does not hold a grudge against a man whose impulses of the afternoon are as generous as those of the morning were furious. No such sediment will remain in the memories of the players who survive him as are evident still in the reminiscences of those who were associated with the late Richard Mansfield. No ever-hanging, ever present cloud of authority is Henry Miller's rule, but fitful winds, zigzag lightnings and bursts of thunder. An act of extreme thoughtfulness, of surpassing kindness, of munificent liberality, sponges the record of rages from the slate.

Henry Miller is meticulous in stage administration and sybaritic in taste. The lounge in his theatre speaks of refinement, luxury and reverence for the folk and things of the stage. He is at his best as host at his country home, a stately white house that crowns the highest of the hills about Stamford, Conn. At his worst when he scolds audiences and dramatic critics.

"The opinions of critics had weight with me until I read their plays," he said to me.

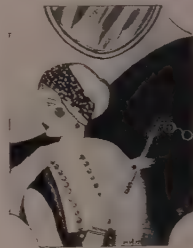
XXVIII.—BILLIE BURKE

BILLIE BURKE has stood to the American public, for a long time, for comedy. Now she stands for domesticity.

The bewitching Billie is first, and will be last, a housewife, and a mother. She is essentially a woman of the family.

Her affection for her late mother was pathetic. Mrs. Burke, a former newspaper writer, was a woman of powerful will and strong and independent mentality. Her daughter's devotion to her was one of the topics of professional discussion. I have heard Grace George, the analytical and incisive, say that Billie Burke's love for her mother was the "most beautiful and touching thing she had ever seen." Whenever it could humanly be accomplished Miss Burke motored or took train after a performance to her mother at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. When this was impossible she telephoned her at the longest distances. She was playing in Baltimore when her mother died. She had spent Sunday with her and left only at the latest hour consistent with playing the performance of *The Intimate Strangers* on Monday. Mrs. Burke died at dawn on Tuesday. Billie closed the

(Continued on page 64)



At the age of five.



At sixteen months.



At the age of nine.



As the Daughter of the Regiment.



In *Mlle. Modiste*.

As the Prima Donna.



© Strauss Peyton



In *The O'Brien Girl*.

© Dupont



In *La Boheme*.



In *The Mikado*.

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 14 FRITZI SCHEFF

Fritzi Scheff was born in Vienna, and made her stage début in Munich at the Royal Opera House in the title rôle of *Martha*. She next sang at Convent Garden, London. While there, Maurice Grau heard her sing Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, with the result she was engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. While at the "Met" Paderewski called her *The Little Devil*, and that name has clung to her ever since. Charles Dillingham then lured her into light opera, where she appeared in her never-to-be-forgotten *Mlle. Modiste*. The *Prima Donna* followed. Next came the all-star revival of *The Mikado* with Miss Scheff as Yum-Yum, and in turn *Mlle. Rosita*, *The Love Wager*, *Husbands Guaranteed*, *Glorianna*, and *The O'Brien Girl*. Between productions, Miss Scheff has appeared in Keith Vaudeville and Motion Pictures. (Motif Lyman Brown)

Raquel Meller—A New Stage Personality

A Spanish Tragedienne Who Thrills Audiences in the Universal Language of the Human Heart

By B. F. WILSON

RAQUEL MELLER, who comes to America for the first time next month, has been called the Yvette Guilbert of Spain. For the past four years she has appeared in France and Spain, intriguing even the most *blasé* of theatre-goers with her unique personality and art. With this performer the customary ornate accessories for most individual artistes are entirely absent. Meller, with the aid of a black velvet drop curtain, a few gestures of her arm and the pregnant quality of her voice, transforms an empty stage into colorful gardens, busy streets, the crowded arena of a bull-fight, etc.

It seems to be an essentially feminine thing, this particular form of acting. There have been only a few individual performers, all of them women, who have attained fame via what is obviously an exceedingly difficult medium of expression. Yvette Guilbert, our own Ruth Draper, Yvonne George, and one or two others are the only members of the great horde of theatrical folk who have specialized in what used to be known on the boards as the "song and monologue" act. These women, however, bear little or no comparison to Meller in their work.

TRAGEDY IN PANTOMIME

VARIOUS tales of her physical appearance have been brought back to these shores by European tourists. All tales agree in the verdict that she is unusually lovely to look at. Slight of figure, her pale face and large dark eyes makes one think immediately of Spain. Her personality subdues the usual exotic costume of mantilla and colorful gown so that when you see her, she looks like the painting you pass every day on the wall in your home. A writer in the *World* who saw her for the first time in Paris, gives this pen picture of the artiste:

"My first impression was of a quiet figure in black. Above the black there was a face crowned with a fascinating mantilla. Flaming under her mantilla were two great, clear eyes which intensified that Andalusian pallor of her face. The only thing I could think of was an unforgettable engraving by Goya, which once I had seen. For fully a half minute Raquel Meller stood as still as a statue, while the orchestra wailed one of those Spanish melodies so descriptive of the intense nature of the Latins. Then, in a language which almost no one in the audience understood, Raquel Meller began to sing of a toreador and his tragic death. Over her hitherto still features spread an indescribable anguish. It was an anguish without the contortion of a muscle; without a grimace; an impression so vivid and so vital that one could feel the rapt attention and respect of the audience as clearly as if it had been spoken in words. The thing which happened was the presentation of a tragedy by a great tragedienne, and an audience which was conscious that the

language of the girl was the universal language of the human heart. So simple, so direct, so utterly without affectation Mlle. Meller! And her medium? Well, if I had been asked whether it had been song, recitative, mime, I could not have said. I just knew,—like everyone else in the Palace last night,—that here was a great artiste who alone could blot out every memory of the *Revue* in which she is appearing. When she had finished her unfoldment of the tragedy of her toreador the audience rose to its feet with shouts, and cries, and frank tears."



RaqueL Meller

Whose art brings her native Spain so realistically into one's vision that the emotions of its people become your own.

The main point of Meller's appeal is the absolute simplicity of treatment in everything she does from the various subjects she chooses for her songs to the cut of her shoes. The songs are usually ballads of Spain—the death of the toreador; a flower as an instrument of destiny to two people; a girl of the streets deserted by the man she loves, etc. Meller's strange imaginative power turns these time-worn subjects into matters of great force. Half-singer, half-disease, she creates a crushing tragedy, a poignant love-drama, a comedy of errors, complete in every phase, from a short verse of elemental phrasing.

Her work is best described as painting. Vividly imaginative, she is able with very little change of costume to absolutely alter her personality without resorting to any extravagant characteristics of her subject. She is always Meller. You never forget the woman, yet with the tap of her high red heel you hear armies marching because, when she looks off stage, she is actually

waving to soldiers of her imagination.

She is shy, embarrassed by her own success, because she cannot understand why she is different from anyone else and she brings this same tinge of embarrassment into her work, thus turning hard-tones into pastels.

Everyone who has seen Raquel Meller agrees that she is different from anything that has been seen on the stage in years. Her extraordinary grace of movement makes a typewritten description look like the ravings of a movie press-agent. A single gesture of her arm and expressive hands becomes a masterpiece of beauty in line. And yet when one stops to analyze her appeal, there is a confused memory of simple songs, no gorgeous gowns or settings, in front of the curtain a small woman whose voice is far from being great, whose gestures are few and restrained, who is utterly without affectation, and makes no attempt to resort to any of the thousand and one tricks of her trade, yet who leaves you with the feeling that here you have witnessed an unforgettable piece of work.

She sings only in her native tongue. Although she speaks French fluently, and by the way, doesn't know a word of English, she uses the language of her country to paint her pictures. Her singing is as simple as speech; her pantomime is as natural as the movements of people one knows in every-day life, but the quality of her work makes the spectator become a part of her story, and Spain is brought so realistically into one's vision that the emotions of its people become your own.

A ROMANTIC CAREER

THE story of Raquel Meller's life is romantic enough to satisfy the most incredulous reader. At ten she became an orphan and entered a convent in Furueras. She was educated with the expectation that she would become a nun inasmuch as she had no family and no money. This kept from her all the privileges granted to the more wealthy children who were being taught at the convent. A Sister heard the child imitating a bird in the garden of the convent and was impressed with her skill. She privately gave Raquel singing lessons until the girl reached an age when she was expected to take the vows.

In the course of her vocal instruction, the Sister told Raquel that she had once been a famous prima donna and had entered the convent because of an unhappy love affair. This story influenced the younger girl to a great extent. She began to dream of the outside world. She sang easily and to her voice there was added a strange ability to convey emotion in simplest pantomime.

On the eve of the day she was to have taken her vows, she ran away from the convent to Barcelona. She found work in an embroidery factory, and here she remained for some time, working on vest-

(Concluded on page 50)



RAQUEL MELLER IN GENTLER MOOD

Singer, diseuse, pantomimist, this remarkable Spanish artiste—whom New York will see for the first time next month—runs the entire gamut of human emotion. She is seen here singing one of the beautiful old melodies with which the folk song lore of Spain is so rich. Sung by Meller, they become more than songs—so filled with poignancy, so touched with a new imagination that the audience suddenly finds itself in tears.

The Play That Is Talked About



Nickolas Muray

LAURA: Look! There is the future that awaits you—you and your children!

Children of the Moon

Drama in Three Acts by Martin Flavin

THIS author, a newcomer on Broadway, has created something of a sensation with his first play. Not only is the conception and technical treatment of his theme—maternal love turned to a vicious selfishness—most skillfully handled, but the quality and literary excellence of the piece is strikingly Ibsenesque. Not in the past ten years has the American stage received so valuable and worthwhile a contribution, from either foreign or native sources.

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THE CAST

(As produced by Jacob A. Weiser, in association with A. L. Jones and Morris Green at the Comedy Theatre, August 17, 1923)

Thomes	Whitford Kane
Walter Higgs	Harold Winston
Madame Atherton	Henrietta Crosman
Jane Atherton	Florence Johns
Dr. Wetherell	Grant Stewart
Major John Bannister	Paul Gordon
Laura Atherton	Beatrice Terry

MAJOR JOHN BANNISTER, formerly of the A.E.F. Flying Corps, and his mechanic, a Cockney named Higgs, come a cropper while flying on the California Coast, but luckily land in a little inlet where the Atherton home is located,—with no worse luck than a broken propeller blade for the machine and shoulder blade for the Major. The latter has been attended for two weeks by Dr. Wetherell, the family physician, and tenderly nursed by the Athertons,—especially Miss Jane. The patient is ready to be discharged, but not quite ready to go when Higgs returns with a new propeller and talks with Thomas, an ancient mariner who acts as steward and general *factotum* for the Athertons.

Act I. The sitting room of the Atherton home, looking out on the sea-wall terrace.

WALTER: I got my propeller, and I'll have the old bus turning over by noon.

THOMAS: But sure Major Bannister won't be trusting himself in the air again after what happened to him only two weeks ago?

WALTER: Rot!

THOMAS: There's no rougher nor wilder coast in the world than this.

WALTER: That's sailor talk!

THOMAS: Aye, so it is. And who knows better than a sailor? I tell you this is not a fit place to fool with air machines, with the mountains rising straight out of the sea and only foothold for the gulls.

WALTER: 'Ave you ever been shipwrecked?

THOMAS: That I have, Mr. Higgs,—and on this very coast.

WALTER: And I suppose after that you gave up the sea and turned butler?

THOMAS: (*Indignantly*) I did not, no such

thing: 'Twas the rheumatism that took me off the sea, and not the fear of it.

WALTER: Well, aren't you a fine old party to be warning us to stay out of the air just because we 'ave a bit of a crash?

Madame Atherton comes down the stairs. She is a fine, aristocratic, sweet-faced old lady, in an old-fashioned black silk gown and white lace cap. She welcomes Walter Higgs and bids Thomas give him breakfast. Thomas hands her a letter, which plainly disturbs her. It is from her daughter-in-law, Laura, announcing her sudden and unexpected return. Her granddaughter, Jane, enters from the terrace. Jane is twenty, slender, graceful, with a serious, thoughtful face, and a quaint, rather wistful manner.

JANE: Grandmère—Has Dr. Wetherell gone?

MADAM: I haven't seen him, but I imagine he is calling on your patient.

JANE: My patient?

MADAM: (*Smiling*) Well, then,—our patient.

JANE: Major Bannister said he thought the doctor would discharge him the next time he came.

MADAM: I should think it not unlikely.

JANE: But it's been such a little while; and surely, after such a fearful accident, it can't be safe.

MADAM: Two weeks, and so much solicitude, have mended much worse things than dislocated shoulders.

JANE: There—there might be internal injuries

MADAM: You find Major Bannister very—very agreeable, Jane?



Muray

MARTIN FLAVIN

Author of *Children of the Moon*.



Johnston

MARY RYAN

Who brings an appealing personality and emotional conviction to the rôle of Annie in *Red Light Annie*.



Goldberg

BEATRICE TERRY

Gives to the rôle of Laura in *Children of the Moon*, a tragic and brilliant characterization. Miss Terry is a niece of the famous Ellen Terry, and has inherited a goodly share of the family's dramatic genius.



Monroe

MADGE KENNEDY

Quaint and pretty, with just the right pep and piquancy for her leading part in the musical comedy *Poppy*.



White, N. Y.

MARTHA BRYAN ALLEN

Youthful and sweet, and entirely irresistible, as Lucy in *Magnolia* Miss Allen adds further lustre to her rapidly rising star.



Raymor

HELEN GAHAGAN

This young actress of marked promise makes the much-wronged Jean Trowbridge in *Chains* a decidedly human personality.

LEADING LIGHTS IN THE SEASON'S EARLY OFFERINGS

Youthful and Talented Thespians Who Have Been Determining Factors in the Latest Verdicts of Success

JANE: He is the most wonderful man I have ever met.

MADAM: Do you—do you care very much for Major Bannister?

JANE: Yes, Grandmère—I—I do.

MADAM: Tell me, my child;—has the Major—has he?

JANE: Oh no, Grandmère, nothing.—He has told me all about his life and his adventures—He's been everywhere, you know, all over the world;—and he's been so much alone. You see he hasn't any family, and since the war I think, perhaps, he's been lonely. It's just been like that between us. Like—like having a good friend.

MADAM: By the way, Jane, have you written your mother lately?

JANE: Why, yes; I told her all about the accident, and how much we all like Major Bannister.

JANE goes on to the terrace. Madame tears up the letter and puts it into the fire. Dr. Wetherell, a middle-aged, genial practitioner of the old school, comes down stairs.

MADAM: Tell me, Doctor, how is your patient?

DOCTOR: I only wish I was as healthy a specimen myself.

MADAM: That is a tribute to your skill, Dr. Wetherell.

DOCTOR: On the contrary, Madame Atherton, I feel I have not done justice to the case; but, as you know, the most difficult patients to cure are those who do not want to recover.

MADAM: You have rare discernment, Dr. Wetherell.

DOCTOR: It's part of my business, Madame.—Tell me, do you feel the affair is serious?

MADAM: One never knows, Doctor; but I think considerable mutual interest is obvious.

DOCTOR: Hum.—Have you thought what her mother's attitude would be?

MADAM: It was about Laura that I wanted to talk to you. I've just had a note from her—she's coming home today.

DOCTOR: Have you told Jane?

MADAM: No. She's been so radiantly happy these past two weeks. It seems such a bitter shame to end it. And today,—it may be the last,—they have planned a picnic at Neptune's Pool.—I—I simply couldn't spoil it. Do you think I should?

DOCTOR: No. God forbid!

MADAM: I live in such constant concern for what Laura may do in some ungovernable fit of passion. The fear that she may in some rash moment overstep the bounds of caution and—

DOCTOR: Well, well, we must take good care of Jane.

MADAM: She is the last of the Athertons!

DOCTOR: Fine, healthy, normal girl.

MADAM: I am so glad to hear you say that, Doctor. I have prayed for it so earnestly.

DOCTOR: All the same, I quite agree with you that it would be most unwise, at least for some years to come, to establish in her mind any suggestion of—

MAJOR BANNISTER appears at the top of the stairs. He is a man in the middle thirties,—tall, good-looking, rather reserved and very much the gentleman of military training. Dr. Wetherell goes in to see old Judge Atherton, who is understood to be ailing,—mentally rather than physically; in fact, afflicted with the family

malady, "moon madness." Major Bannister manoeuvres rather obviously for an opening to talk with Mme. Atherton.

MAJOR: May I say something to you?

MADAME: Certainly. Won't you sit down?

MAJOR: It is about Jane that I want to speak to you.

MADAM: (*Helpfully*) About Jane? Yes?

MAJOR: I feel that what I have to say may be—may be a great shock to you.

MADAM: (*Amused*) I am an old lady, Major Bannister, but my powers of observation are unimpaired. I think I have a pretty good idea of what you want to tell me, so you may speak very plainly.

MAJOR: Oh, thank you—Yes, I will.—You have made it very easy for me, Madame.—It is



Laura, as a last card, reveals to her daughter the curse of the Athertons.

simply this:—I love Jane—I want to marry her.

MADAM: Have you any reason to expect that your proposal would be agreeable to Jane?

MAJOR: No, Madame, I have not. The circumstances of my being here are such that I felt it only fair to secure your permission before I spoke to Jane.

MADAM: (*Smiling*) That's just a little bit old-fashioned, isn't it, Major?

MAJOR: Perhaps so, Madame, but it seemed to me that to do otherwise would be a poor return for the kindness that I have received in this house.

MADAM: It was the right thing to do and I am glad you did it, but you are placing a very grave responsibility upon me, Major Bannister.

MAJOR: I appreciate that. Of course, if Jane's mother were here I would appeal to her—

MADAM: I shall make no objection to your suit, nor shall I ask you to delay it. Indeed I advise you not to do so . . .

SEEING Jane returning from the terrace, Mme. Atherton leaves them together—but just as the Major is steering the conversation to the subject nearest his heart, Dr. Wetherell enters with Judge Atherton. The latter is a little old gentleman, with a ruddy face and snow-white hair. His urbane and courtly manner is shaded today by an air of nervous preoccupation,—it being

about the period of the full moon, as it transpires. He cannot remember the Doctor's name, and does not recall having met Major Bannister, until Jane repeats the incidents of the accident, when he is politely apologetic.

JUDGE: Of course—How stupid of me! And has the Major quite recovered from his mishap?

DOCTOR: I have today discharged the patient. JANE: (*Timidly*) You feel quite sure, Doctor, that there could be no internal injuries?

DOCTOR: (*Jocosely*) Well now, Jane, my dear girl, I wouldn't be too sure about that! But so far as his physical condition is concerned he is perfectly fit to set out for the Moon—

(*Judge Atherton springs excitedly to his feet and addresses Bannister abruptly.*)

JUDGE: You are familiar with the geography of the moon?

MAJOR: (*Helplessly*) I—I—No, Judge Atherton, I am not.

JUDGE: Too bad, too bad; few people are. It is so strange that they do not teach these things,—the elemental truths of life and death; that the Moon is our mother, and gave us birth. And you, sir, do you know that from the Moon we came, and to the Moon we must return? Do you realize that we are all Children of the Moon?

MAJOR: (*Stammering*) The—the theory is a new one to me.

JUDGE: Theory? Who speaks of theories?—Is life a theory? Death a theory? Is the Moon a theory? And her Emperor,—that great man with whom I talk whenever his kingdom shines in the sky—is he a theory?

MAJOR: (*Helplessly*) I—I didn't know.

JUDGE: I wanted to ask you a question: Do you consider it a possible thing, sir, to get to the Moon?

MAJOR: In this day and age I would not dare to say that anything was impossible.

JUDGE: No sir; and you are quite right. It will come at no distant day. You are a young man; you will see it.—Perhaps even I—(*His voice drones away to silence. Dr. Wetherell takes the Judge out on the terrace to look at his new telescope.*)

JANE: I am so sorry—I didn't know he was like this today or I should have warned you.

MAJOR: Is it just his memory?

JANE: No, it is not just that. He sees something in the Moon—things we do not see.—He thinks they send him messages.—It is all mixed up—and—and vague.

MAJOR: Queer thing, the power of the Moon.—I remember a fellow in the Flying Corps who was affected by it.—Poor chap,—he lost his life because of it.

IT transpires later that this was Jane's brother, Philip, who had enlisted under his mother's maiden name of West, to avoid suspicion of being a "Moon-mad Atherton."

JANE: (*Half to herself*) The Moon must be powerful, indeed, to make the tides of the sea. I think it may exert some influence on all of us. I know when its great round face is shining in the sky I—I—(*She stops with a little shudder*)—I wonder—I wonder—You don't really believe that men will ever fly that far?

MAJOR: Who knows?

JANE: (*Breathlessly*) Oh, it—it would be wonderful!

(Continued on page 58)



Goldberg

ETHEL WILSON

Gives a colorful and authentic portrayal of Mexico, the Quadroon, in *Magnolia*. She is a Baltimore girl and made her début there in *A Pair of Sixes*, appearing more recently in New York in *The Last Warning*.



White, N. Y.

JAMES BRADBURY

As Henry Simmons in *The Whole Town's Talking* Mr. Bradbury creates one of the most amusing and veracious characters in his long and successful career. Broadway remembers him recently in *Oh Boy!*



White, N. Y.

ROBERTA BEATTY

From the concert stage to musical comedy and thence to her present portrayal of Kitty Lake in *Aren't We All?*, is the record of Miss Beatty. She was previously seen in *Good Morning, Dearie*, and *Cinders*.



Hana

ERIC BLORE

On his first visit to America this English actor has made a pronounced hit in the rôle of The Hon. Bertie Bird in *Little Miss Bluebeard*. The mellow and amiable blend of his humor has long been popular with English audiences.



Murray



Lewis-Smith

W. C. FIELDS

After many years as a juggler, this performer comes into his own as a comedian of rare ability. His Prof. McGargle in *Poppy* is one of the joys of the new season.

FLORENCE JOHNS

Whose emotional portrayal of Jane Atherton in *Children of the Moon* marks her for stardom, began in stock in Denver. She played such rôles as Susan in *Abraham Lincoln*, Mary Eaton in *Mary Stuart*, and the crook in *The Charlatan*.

THE HALL OF FAME

Players Whose Performances in the New Productions of the Season Merit Special Praise

C · I · N · E · M · A

Films and French Atmosphere—An Idyl of Rome—"Casey Jones" in Action

Conducted By ALISON SMITH

THERE is a certain group of eager intellectuals who believe (not without cause) that the screen was invented solely for the mutilation of literary classics.

When you consider the crimes that have been committed in the name of our most cherished masterpieces, you find it difficult to refute this theory with any degree of conviction. Personally we believe that it is possible to catch the feeling and atmosphere of many great novels even when their meaning must depend almost entirely on the pictured scene without words. But most of these attempts have been fatal errors, and many a director who attempted to construct a film "after" the story of some literary master, has been forced to admit that he was a poor judge of distance.

We have seen *The Admirable Crichton*, that subtle and ironic social satire made into a blatant and spectacular sex "super-film" and relabeled *Male and Female*. We have seen one of Kipling's greatest tales travestied by the introduction of a smug marriage scene to remove the wicked implications in its title, *Without Benefit of Clergy*. (Oddly enough, they kept the title!) The cases of assault and battery committed against the noblest plots are numerous and appalling. And yet, occasionally, a picture suddenly emerges which recaptures so perfectly the message of the original that you take heart and forget the atrocities of the past.

TWO FILMS OF FRANCE

THIS month, at least one such picture has blessed our weary eyes. It is not, alas, a "super-film" or a ten reel wonder brought in with tumult and shouting. It is only a fragment of Anatole France slipped quietly into the Rialto by Hugo Riesenfeld. But for charm, sincerity and sheer poignant feeling, it surpasses all the super-films that have ever been assembled.

We suggest that every sensitive soul who shudders at the very sound of "Movie" and "Anatole France" combined should make a special effort to see this film. It was made in Paris with Maurice de Feraudy of the Comédie Française as its chief (and almost its only) actor. He plays the part of Cranquebille, the old push-cart man of the Paris markets who called a gendarme a "fat-head." (At least the translation makes it "fat-head"; what he probably said was *mort aux vaches*!)

Cranquebille, however, denies that he uttered any such degrading epithet; he protests that he only repeated "fathead" (or "down with the pigs") because someone else had hurled the fighting words in his general direction. But the gendarme's dignity is fatally wounded and Cranquebille is marched into court through the good-natured jeering of a Paris mob.

Here begins the gradual descent of the bewildered old man to the shadowy abyss of *les misérables*. He is finally saved from suicide in the Seine by that blithe spirit, the gamin of the Paris streets. We have

not read the original but we are told by horrified readers of Anatole France that this ending is not the story; that it is merely an echo of the Pollyanna motif in the movies. It does not matter. The thing that remains is the peering, wrinkled face of the old vegetable vender, baffled, exasperated and yet never losing those shades of the ironic humor which belongs only to France.



PAULINE STARK

As she appears in the rôle of the Queen in the new and elaborate screen production, *In the Palace of the King*, an adaptation of F. Marion Crawford's glowing novel of 16th century France. This is another historical photoplay, its gorgeous settings unusually authentic reproductions of the original.

CRANQUEBILLE is so genuine that no one could fail to recognize it as emerging out of the shadows of Paris. The screen version of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* is stamped just as definitely "Made in Hollywood." This does not mean that it is not occasionally picturesque and always spectacular. A vast reproduction of the huge cathedral with its immortal gargoyles was built on the lot as a background for Quasimodo and his gipsy and her trained goat. It is accurate in every line—with a deadly accuracy that is not *Notre Dame*. You can't put age and mellowness in with hammers and saws.

Most of the action has been centered on Mr. Lon Chaney who plays the hunchback. Although handicapped by an absurd make-up (you can't put much horror into an eye made of putty) he caught something of the pathos in the grotesque, wistful monster that Hugo made of Quasimodo. Esmeralda is somewhat listlessly played by Patsy Ruth Miller; however, as she knew she must marry the mincing Phoebus instead of being burned as a witch, you can't blame her for losing interest in her rôle. The film has plenty of action, no literary flavor, much lurid melodrama, no taste, and is a huge success.

THE WHITE SISTER

AFTER *The Hunchback*, we rather feared that the producers of *The White Sister* had built Vesuvius and St. Peter's on their own Hollywood lot. But they very sensibly packed the entire cast off to Italy, and the result is a picture of haunting old-world beauty.

Much of this charm is also due to an actress who belongs in this atmosphere of vine-covered hills and crumbling convent walls. Lillian Gish has long been our candidate as the most imaginative actress on the screen today; her latest work as the wistful, misguided nun is extraordinary. It has something of the ardent yet ethereal quality of Eleanora Duse whom she has so long adored. All the tragedy of the ages is in this sensitive child-like face. She is supported by as direct and convincing a lover as we have seen on the screen in years. His name is Roland Colman and he is comparatively new to the screen. We hope he will stay there; the supply of convincing lovers is appallingly low.

When the film first came out there were several objections to the story on the grounds that it was "unsympathetic" because the nun refused to break her vows and flee with her lover. This seems much like objecting to Antigone because she insisted on burying her brother. The point of this old-fashioned tale by F. Marion Crawford lies in the irresistible power which binds the religious zealot to her vows. That it was irrational and obstinate is only a part of its pathos.

The brooding menace of Vesuvius and the faded glory that was Rome is woven into this picture. If you miss it, you will lose one of the artistic triumphs of the screen.

ROSITA

THIS picture was heralded as a vast departure from the rôles of Mary Pickford. When we finally saw it, we found it not at all different from the usual sweetly roguish parts through which Miss Pickford has romped her way to amazing popularity. Ernst Lubitsch directed it, which means that it is a masterpiece of scene composition and of grouping with its actors.

Otherwise it is not conspicuous except



CAPRICE ORIENTAL

Betty Blythe in the mood of Omar Khayyam with the jug of wine "underneath the bough." The loaf of bread and book of verse, however, are conspicuous by their absence. Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston

for the soul-satisfying work of Holbrook Blinn who plays one of those portly kings who are so wicked and so refreshing after the pious conduct of the rest of the cast. It is a Spanish story so he is a Spanish King, and Mary is a Spanish street singer with a rose in her mouth after the manner of all street singers in dramas of Spain. You will find the picture pretty and innocuous with Mary in her familiar poses which so many find beguiling.

IF WINTER COMES

HUTCHINSON'S novel, from which this film was adapted, was dripping with sentiment but it had the saving grace of humor. Moreover, it had something of the charm indicated in that witching line of Shelly from which the title was taken. Mr. Hutchinson is on record as saying that the film version has reproduced with absolute accuracy the events in his story. This is literally true. But the incidents themselves, bereft of the author's whimsical interpretations, suddenly take the form of an old-fashioned novel from Godey's *Ladies Book*. And suddenly you realize that the book was really like that, though you failed to recognize it at the time because of the magic in Mr. Hutchinson's style.

The film oozes tears, sobs, sweet smiles and noble glances at every pore. The excessive chivalry of Mark Sabre is pounded home until you grow exceedingly weary of this modern Don Quixote. He might indeed have been unbearable had it not been for the sympathetic interpretation of Percy Marmont in the rôle. Mr. Marmont looks like Mark Sabre; he has the quizzical eyes, the scholarly stoop and the general air of an incurable altruist adrift in this cold and far from altruistic world. It is an admirable bit of characterization.

Nevertheless, you cannot fail to be irritated at the persistence of this hero in getting himself into hot water which he might so easily have avoided. A single streak of common sense, one moment of cold and rational conversation would have lifted him out of his difficulties and saved

him from being a martyr. But in that case the film would have ended forthwith and there would have been no more tears and noble gestures. Moreover, perhaps Mark Sabre enjoyed being a martyr; many people do. And the hundreds of readers who wept over the book would have been deprived of the sympathetic thrill.

Anna Forrest is a refreshing note as Nona, who has the monopoly on all the common sense in the cast of characters. There is also the famous pair of maids-of-all-work called quaintly "High Jinks and Low Jinks" by the waggish Mr. Sabre. Little time or space is given to their humor, however; this is a sob film and the audiences seemingly are enjoying its misery immensely for it gives every promise of being as successful as the book.

DAYTIME WIVES

THIS film's only claim to distinction is that it introduces a new evil influence.



BUSTER KEATON

An interesting historical picture showing that the game of golf was not unknown to prehistoric man. Observe the caveman caddie. This instructive scene occurs in Buster Keaton's *The Three Ages*.

Instead of the gambling hall or the lurid cabaret, it presents the delicatessen shop as a wrecker of homes. Its work is insidious and all the more deadly; the idle wives buy their husbands' dinner in this den of iniquity and then hasten out to frolic in the most dangerous amusement they can find.

We couldn't quite follow the logic of this even with the incidents directly before

HERE AND THERE

show, we would insist on at least one stipulation; that the entire company be moved to Paris and that there be no attempt to build Montmartre on a lot in Hollywood.

* * *

Katharine Hilliker and Capt. H. H. Caldwell are at work on a new Marshall Neilan production called *The Rendezvous*. It is not, as the title might imply, a romance of the left bank of the Seine; on the contrary, it takes its audience into the exciting and picturesque wilds of Siberia. Conrad

us; the triangular plot is somewhat involved. But at least it forms an original basis for another of those domestic sermons which occur with insistent regularity in every film list.

THE GOLD DIGGERS

THIS is the Avery Hopwood comedy of the lilies of the field on Broadway. It has been made into a film which has the same object as the book—to convince the unsophisticated that they are seeing life as lived on the Great White Way. Needless to say, neither film nor play had the slightest relation to life, but it is sometimes amusing and always bright and elaborate.

We missed the giant voice of Jobyna Howland, booming "Sweetie!" through the action, but Louise Fazenda did a lively bit of character acting in the same rôle. Hope Hampton romps through the rôle of Jerry, the chief gold-digger with evident enjoyment. It is the most spontaneous and natural performance of her career.

RED LIGHTS

RED LIGHTS is not an expose of the white slave traffic (as one eager fan hopefully supposed) but a railroad melodrama. Its action is laid in a car of the Overland Limited speeding from Los Angeles to New York. And right here we must confess to an overwhelming prejudice in its favor. From early childhood anything with a train in it met with our absorbed and fascinated approval; *Casey Jones*, for instance, seemed the most thrilling and artistic of all ballads in literature.

We still feel this fascination, so perhaps we exaggerated the charms of *Red Lights*. But, quite impartially it seems a rattling good melodrama with much excitement in the baggage car ahead. Raymond Griffith has an amusing comedy rôle and Marie Provost and Johnnie Walker are the lovers. But the real star is that noble beast, the locomotive. Incidentally I see no reason why there should not be a screen adaptation of *Casey Jones*, even if the censors had to cut out the "other papa on the Salt Lake Line."

* * *

Nagel is one of its principal featured players.

THE scenario writers have at last discovered *Louise* and there are rumors (as yet unconfirmed) that this glamorous and haunting opera is to be made into an elaborate screen production. We view this report with mingled joy and trepidation; the right director could make a glorious thing of this work by Charpentier, steeped as it is in the very essence of Paris. On the other hand, a commonplace production, twisted into an ordinary movie formula, would wring the heart of all music lovers. If we were running this

We have been told that Douglas Fairbanks' picture, *The Thief of Bagdad* will "outdo the magnitude of *Robin Hood*." Of course, magnitude has its limits even in the movies but certainly the stills of the new production are the most elaborate and fantastic of any we have seen. It has an *Arabian Nights* motif with music cues from Rimsky-Korsakoff.



A. C. Johnston

CLARA BOW

One of the celebrated flowers that bloom in the Spring and in the Rita Johnson Young version of *Maytime*.



MARY PICKFORD

Who, after being very Spanish in her last film, *Rosita*, is now very English as *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*.



MAE BUSCH

A piquant figure in many of our more serious screen classics. Just now she is lightening the mists of the *Isle of Man*.



CHARLIE CALLS "CAMERA"

"Register despair and hold it!" demands Charlie Chaplin who is directing Edna Purviance in *A Woman of Paris*. The king of comedy is caught showing how to portray mad, merciless misery.



GLENN HUNTER AND MAY MCAVOY

A love scene "west of the water-tower." They arrive shortly in the screen version of this much discussed novel of *Main Street*.



CONRAD NAGEL AND PATSY RUTH MILLER

As the star-crossed lovers in *The Judge and the Woman*. It was adapted from one of those Hall Caine tales about Manxmen and their morals.

FILM FLASHES

Personalities and Events in Cinemaland Caught by the Camera

V · A · U · D · E · V · I · L · L · E

Return of the Chauve Souris. A Wonderful Acrobatic Dancer. Captain Bairnsfather in the Keith Circuit

Conducted By BLAND JOHANESON

THE Russian vaudeville has returned to this fertile field wherein in vast profusion bloom the rubles. Katinka is as shrill as ever, and the wooden soldiers as wooden. Its metropolitan success probably will extend to all the hinterland country-club circles. Mr. Balieff's is the snob circuit, his followers those too refined for Mr. Albee's "refined vaudeville."



Each program of the *Chauve-Souris* consistently has failed to amuse me. Rank heresy though it may be, Balieff's subtleties seemed vague and his boldness raw, his comedy heavy, and the grimaces which produced and accompanied the celebrated "accent" about as interesting and charming as a Russian steerage passenger masticating cabbage stew.

Nevertheless, affected shrieks of "Bis! Bis!" or "Bravo Toros!" are the ordinary plaudits of his efforts and little wooden replicas of himself or his performers receive the scented cigarette stumps on every pseudo-sophisticated bridge table. Because it is smart to admire what is unintelligible, the toughest Swedes in Sundsvall, singing the roughest number in their drinking repertoire, probably would wear the same ultra-elegant element and wear the pretty label "Charming!" to the end of their unnatural days.

Mr. Balieff's two hours of Russian vaudeville is an extension of the twenty minute boredom produced by the scores of acts imitating him in our own music halls. Somehow, more and more sentiment, whimsey and bunk have been creeping in to mar the sweet sincerity of our native vulgar diversion.

LEO SINGER, producer of the midget act, which we hear is to be featured in the opening as a vaudeville house of the giant Hippodrome, now ventures into the Artistic with a little review *Echoes of Danceland*, which illustrates the kind of la-de-dah business to which we would like to award the royal rawzberry.

A girl is made up for a rose, and a male dancer, all in brown and yellow tights to represent an ambitious bee, bounces out of a property hive for no good. You can see right away his intentions are not honorable. They go into their dance, leaping and whirling around, demonstrating knee-

locks, toe-holds and half-Nelsons until finally he carries her back to the bush. Then the curtain falls and another couple come out in one. There is a little girl and another baby-doll gotten up like a little cat. They play around a bit and act very cunning. These *Echoes From Danceland* have spared us no agony of embarrassment but the original yodel. An overcooked egg must feel just this uncomfortable to see a two-minute one making a gooey exhibition of himself.

Such dancing acts as this will be featured by the booking offices next season. An impending lucid interval in the band craze has made a place for snappy, girly exhibitions known as "flash acts." All will not be so diabetically sugary.

William Seabury, a really wonderful acrobatic dancer (this is no news to William), offers his second review with four pairs of the fattest legs I have seen outside of Sir Clyde Engel's *World's Greatest Aggregation of Curious Personages* in Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey's Combined Shows. These members are innocent of hosiery and they do some fast stepping. One girl sings a little flat. Mr. Seabury dances ball-room fashion with each of his supporting hoofers in turn, "believe it or not as you like," without removing a very jaunty straw sailor. This act is just about one-half as good as his offering last season, which opened quite effectively, you will remember, with a cross-section of a sleeper-jump.

Jeanette Hackett and Harry Delmar have been caught in this flash production jam with their fourth annual review *Dance Madness*. There is just about as much money working in the Hackett-Delmar twenty minutes as I have seen in vaudeville and that is what the bookers want. The act carries a most pretentious set, eight high-kicking cuties, rapid and dazzling changes of costume, and mercifully, not a single sentimental idea. With an act like this, Mr. Delmar never will be criticized for putting his fortune on his wife's back. This is not even adorned by a court-plaster beauty spot. Jeannette is almost the barest beauty the vaudeville stage has known. She changes from a pair

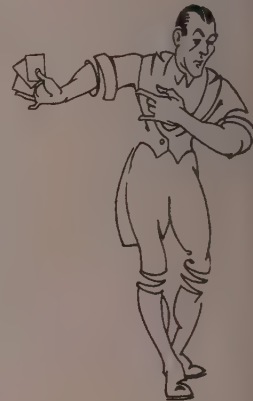


of fish-net tights to a small cloth of silver garment reverently known in the infants' wear as "panties." The *première danseuse* has no secrets from the world, the ponies have no kicks up their sleeves, and Mr. Delmar has done handsomely by his little Nell, *Dance Madness*.

Women cannot play jazz music. That is what the Giers-Dorf Symphonists seem to be attempting. A female horn-tooter

is the last word in horrors and the Giers-Dorf damozels are especially aggravating doublers in brass. Jazz can thank contingents like Renee Robert and the Giers-Dorf Symphonists for the disrepute which it suffers today. Rae and Elvira with the trombone and French horn would give any bona fide boiler factory a pretty tough contest.

Enid Markey, a cute and pretty ingenue, is featured in a playlet, *Here Goes the Bride*, by Bert Robinson, which isn't awfully bad, and in the run of vaudeville sketches, even might be good. It develops a silly and not very original idea about a superstitious bride, frankly farcial. The playing, mounting, costuming and Miss Markey are above the average.



THE great vaudeville début of the "Noted Soprano, Helen Stover" was a thing both comical and tragic. She went over—anyone who makes any kind of a noise and owns an ounce of personality will—but her performance was only an exhibition of weak compromise and truckling. These high-brows can come like Eric Zardox or Duci De Kerekjerto into the music halls and get away with it doing their stuff "in their own way." They are not vaudeville artists, those glorious beings who bask in the sunshine of the N. V. A. club, but they have sufficient dignity to remember they're not the pets of Tin Pan Alley and avoid its methods. Miss Stover sang a Carolina-type number with the most vulgar display of vocal gymnastics imaginable, sliding around, hitting not a single note without elaborate preliminary feeling up and down the scale, and avoiding the melody and the lyric for a lot of the silliest kind of obligatory warbling ever achieved by a barroom falsetto. Miss Stover's motive was entirely transparent. She was going to show these low-brows that she could deliver their particular goods even if she had had her voice cultivated. Though a most confirmed lowbrow, I was unimpressed by the trick efforts of "the Noted Soprano." The best popularized is bound to be worse than the worst.

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather has entered upon his tour of the entire Keith circuit. If his act is representative in polish and charm of all the material to be imported this season vaudeville is due for an astonishing improvement. Capt. Bairnsfather draws his beloved "Old Bill" and talks about him delightfully. His book of caricatures has already made a big audience for him.



Apeda

BILL ROBINSON

The chocolate Nijinsky, undisputed dean of the darktown steppers dear to vaudeville.



WILKIE BARD

The idol of the London 'alls, is to contribute his humor to our native vaudeville.

GRETCHEN EASTMAN

A new dancing star to forsake the revues and take her finished art into the music halls.



Seely

FRITZIE RIDGEWAY

Of the cinema, joins the score of screen beauties who are in the two-a-day.



GEORGE WOOD

The diminutive character entertainer, another importation from the English variety field.



Abbe



EDNA LEEDOM

Of Leedom and Stamper, a comedienne of great popularity, exceptional talent and rare charm.

STELLAR VAUDEVILLIANS

Artists of the Two-A-Day Who Are Meeting Nation-Wide Approval

Old Friends Return to the Metropolitan Opera Repertoire—A Famous New Spanish Tenor

By KATHARINE LANE SPAETH

NOVELTY is a popular word when the musical season opens, but its charm is all in the ear of the ardent listener. "I'd rather hear six performances of the *Pathétique Symphony* than two orchestral novelties," an old subscriber of the Philharmonic Society told me with a certain vehemence. He had just sat through somebody's tone poem, seeking one pleasing moment. Dissonance is often its own reward, according to how you feel about it.

There will be the usual flock of new works, offered by Kurt Schindler and the devoted *Schola Cantorum*, by the energetic Friends of Music and the enterprising young women who like to give programs of Erik Satie and Czecho-Slovakian folk-songs. They have their way with patient and eager concert-goers; and that is precisely what should happen.

NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA

NATURALLY, we are about to hear what Impresario Gatti-Casazza considers the novelties of this season which opens on November 5th, and to many of us it is refreshing news that *Le Coq d'Or* is to return to the repertoire. That delicious opera-ballet needs a soprano whose voice will not crack under any strain: Amelita Galli-Curci seems to be the one. I always have thought it a trifle mean of Rimsky-Korsakoff, because with all the insouciant melodies that dance through the satire of the enchanted bird, he mischievously wrote a long aria for his lovely queen-heroine. And he pitched it just above the clouds. Even the dainty, winsome Mabel Garrison could not disguise the effort she was making to sing at the top of her register, and Barrientos used to contort her mobile Spanish face into something like grimaces.

It is not likely that Galli-Curci will have much trouble with the score, though she will play a strange rôle (for her) when she sits at the side of the stage, crimson-cloaked and capped, while the audience watches the floating toes of Rosina Galli.

Why shouldn't it extend into other operas—this device of having singers keep to their singing, while actors and dancers conduct the business of the piece? How pleasant it would be to hear a fresh-throated prima donna make the grade in *Vissi d'Arte* rather than endure a worn, singing-actress who has just panted off the settee, and about whose voice you say, "Well, but wasn't it wonderful when you think of what she had just been through?"

And as soon as I even hint at *Tosca*, it must inevitably remind you of the shining Maria Jeritza. She is going to turn herself into a Russian princess for one of the revivals at the Opera House next month, when she sings the title rôle in Giordano's *Fedora*. Not so many people care really about the music: they recall the soppy story which features Sardou at his most sentimental, and then they remember that Fanny Davenport played in the tragedy.

Jeritza will doubtless swish sequins and be terribly dynamic, and several men who are now alive will certainly say, "Ah, that is the finest Fedora of them all!" I never did think it much of a story. The princess loses her fiancé, Vladimir, by the normal operatic method of murder, and, of course, just on the eve of their wedding! She does some sleuthing on her own, finds that Loris is the slayer—this is libretto language, you realize—and then, too late, Fedora



MIGUEL FLETA

Spanish tenor whose début at the Metropolitan next month is preceded by brilliant triumphs in South America and Cuba.

discovers that she loves Loris. He really killed Vladimir because it was his civic duty to rid Russia of a philanderer. Fedora had a knack for letter-writing and in the end she poisons herself, to avoid the awkward sight of her lover's execution.

A more actual novelty will be *I Campanacci* in which Miguel Fleta will appear. He is the Spanish tenor who has already startled Latin America, and if he is not put off by the New York climate, we may have a chance to hear a new, vibrant tenor voice complemented by a genuine flair for the stage. He should have plenty of opportunity to prove what he can do in Raoul Laparra's *La Habanera*.

This is another one of the violent types of story. Two brothers, Pedro and Ramon, love the same girl, Pilar. Ramon (the tenor) stabs Pedro, but before he dies, the vindictive brother shouts that he will haunt him each year by having the music for the *Habanera* dance played on the anniversary of the murder. So it happens. A year later, when Ramon and Pilar are sitting cosily in their cottage, three blind musicians enter and play a ghostly tune. Behind them is the spectre of Pedro.

When I saw *La Habanera* at the Opera Comique in Paris last winter, the lady who sang Pilar was plumply coquettish and gave little reason for fratricide or suicide. Perhaps Signor Gatti will give the part to Lucrezia Bori, for there are fire and magic in Laparra's music.

He let no savage throb of the text escape his agile imagination, and the wail of the blind musicians could haunt more sensitive people than Ramon.

There are definite rumors that *Aida* is to be re-costumed. Possibly some of the trumpeters will wear beards that will not interfere with their regular breathing, but let us trust that the blue heron will still lead the procession of images in the Thebes scene. Many opera patrons are sentimental, liking old faces best.

Martha is to be sung in Italian with Frances Alda as the frolicsome lady who turns serving-maid, and *Die Meistersinger* will be brought back, though no cast has yet been announced. To those who love the rich embroidery of Wagner's glowing score it will not matter whether the song-story of the master singers of Nuremberg has expensive new sets or not. They will even be glad to get along without cuts, in spite of Frank Wilstach's similes. "As uneasy as a suburbanite during the last act of *Die Meistersinger*."

NEW SCENIC INVESTITURE

JUST why anyone should choose to revive *L'Amico Fritz* is as difficult to solve as a cross-word puzzle. After Mascagni's miraculous success with *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the Italian public was ever so willing to hear his next opera. And it was produced in Milan almost twenty-two years ago. Its one distinction to many people is the fact that Enrico Caruso made his début in this rather stilted and arid opera; that his exulting voice triumphed over a tedious score is not strange—and Caruso only developed any sort of histrionic talent during the last six or eight years of his life.

L'Amico Fritz will probably be given on a double bill, since it is short and needs the kind of dramatic support that either *L'Oracolo* or *Pagliacci* would give to it. However, if the Mascagni work is alluringly cast, it will have a certain appeal, although it has none of the color and light of that composer's *Iris*, nor the strangely scattered beauty of *Isabeau*.

That broad, adventuring brush which Boris Anisfeld uses like a witch's broom, is to be active on the scenery for the other operatic novelty, *Le Roi de Lahore* by Jules Massenet. With India for inspiration, the painter can ride his fancy freely, and I should think that the king of Lahore would need the aid of brilliant settings. Massenet was still experimenting with his craft when he wrote the opera back in 1877. He grew emotionally and in the vigorous expression of his dreams before he produced *Thais* or *Manon* or *Herodiade*.



© Strauss-Peyton

ANNA CASE

Whose amazing good looks almost make people forget how beautifully she sings.



MARIA JERITZA

Will enchant her many admirers in new rôles at the Opera House, including that of *Fedora*.



© Kessler

GALLI-CURCI

Trilling the even soprano of her way, this mistress *del bel canto* will sing in *Le Coq d'Or* this season.



© Kessler

ERIKA MORINI

Girl-wizard of the violinistic bow whose flashing technique is aided by temperament.



© Underwood & Underwood

MARTINELLI

Débonair and courtly in the *Ernani* costume worn in the opera in which the popular tenor made his début.



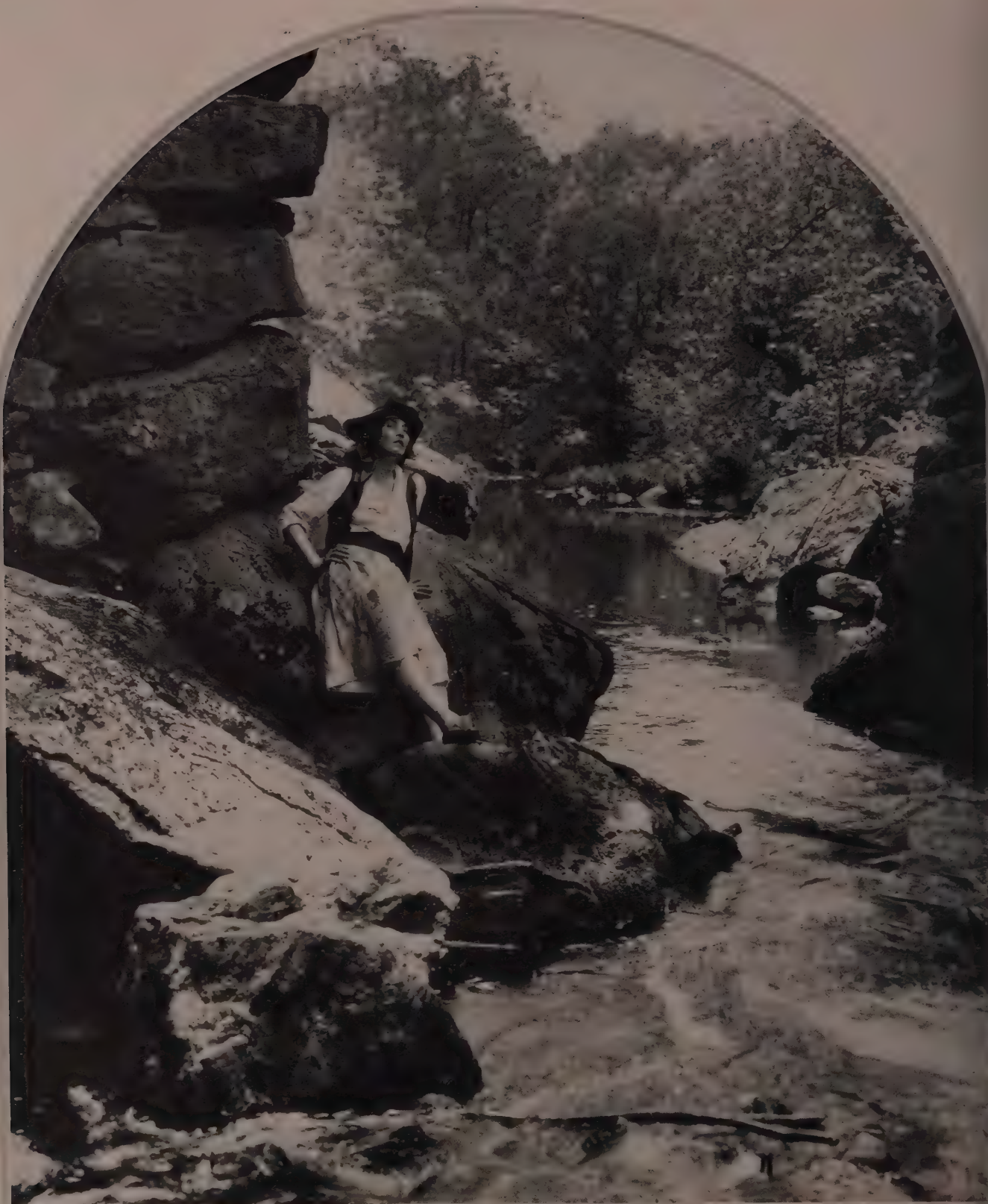
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JOSEF LHEVINE

A pianist always certain of his appeal to discriminating listeners.

KINDLING FRESH MUSICAL FIRES

Stars of Opera and Concert Fields in Roles New and Old



INDIAN SUMMER

A Bit of Wilderness on the Country Estate of Carroll McComas, Near Stamford, Connecticut. Miss McComas, in the Costume of the Heroine of "The Jolly Roger," Caught by the Camera in an Idle Moment During Rehearsals

Camera landscape by White Studio, N. Y.



Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside
of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait



THE pressmen's strike in New York cannot have helped but result in a slight deflation of the astounding self-satisfaction evinced by two or three of the Broadway critics. The two plays that opened during the week of September which inaugurated the strike did so without the assistance of any dramatic criticisms whatever due to the newspaper shut-down. They were HENRY MILLER and his unparalleled cast in *The Changelings* and FLORENCE REED in *The Lullaby* and from the very first performance following their premiere they have done capacity business. And that with scarcely any publicity during the first few days. It is an enlightening spectacle and one which must make certain gentlemen somewhat less confident of their importance to the managers.



The American manager works weirdly and wonderfully. I hear that EDGAR SELWYN bought FREDERICK LONSDALE'S *But for the Grace of God* by verbal agreement with the playwright and before reading it, simply on the strength of a recited version of the story by Lonsdale. The play had not then been even written, though some months later when Lonsdale actually handed the 'script to Selwyn, the latter astounded the English writer by pulling from a drawer a list of the entire cast ready to be placed under contract and move into rehearsal at once.

LONDON AND AMBUSH

THE unexpected success of ARTHUR RICHMAN'S *Ambush* in London has several angles of unusual interest. The great vogue the piece is enjoying there is out of all keeping with the estimate being currently made of the London public and its alleged distaste for serious plays that make them think. It seems to indicate that if the piece is good enough even the war gloom that is still supposed to shroud the British soul is not too deep to permit of the latter's being touched and moved dramatically. I had begun to think that London was fit today only for revues and light comedies but this is manifestly disproved by *Ambush*.

Another element of interest connected with the production is that it is the first to be given by an English theatrical unit calling itself The Theatre Guild, Ltd. This rather bold lifting of the name of our own Guild, which is of course internationally famous, is followed by the London Guild's deliberately patterning itself after its American cousin in the matter of policy and by actually taking as its initial offering a piece performed with great artistic and some commercial success by the latter. It is rather amusing that while our own Guild produces little else than foreign (mostly English) plays, the English Guild starts off with an American piece! Another case of the prophet without honor in h. o. c. .

THE MARSHALL ROMANCE

BUT most interesting of all, from a human standpoint, is the astonishing success in *Ambush* of MADELEINE MARSHALL, in the part of Margaret (which first gave FLORENCE ELDERIDGE her fame here). Miss Marshall is the sensation of London. ELLEN TERRY asked permission following the first performance to visit the young American actress in her dressing-room. The latter replied that she would go to Miss Terry in her box, but the famous Englishwoman insisted on paying Miss Marshall the homage of her own visit. When in the dressing-room Miss Terry said, "My dear, you have the mantle of greatness about you. Yours is a splendid gift, a rare opportunity, a tremendous responsibility. See always that you are true to it and your art." It is said that Miss

Marshall burst into tears, overcome with the magic of the situation. In addition to the audience cheering her twenty minutes, the reviews the next day were loud in declaring that she is now one of England's finest actresses. This is the true-fairy-story of a "blonde slip of a girl" who a few months back could not get past understudy jobs on Broadway!

STANLEY LOGAN, one of Bordoni's leading men in *Little Miss Bluebeard*, has played in more countries than any other actor I know. He therefore speaks with some authority when he says that of all the audiences he has ever played before the American is far and away the most polite. Which means, I suppose, that we stand for a good deal!

MUST MAUDE ADAMS SURRENDER?

SOON MAUDE ADAMS will go off to the wildernesses of India to do KIPLING'S *Kim* in the movies. The great American favorite is in something of a predicament. It is well known that she hates publicity and has never acceded to the interview and photograph ordeals experienced by the usual popular player. But now a great deal of her private fortune is tied up with that of a good many other people in an enterprise for the production of colored motion pictures based on new patents and if there's any one thing that any movie scheme needs it's publicity. I'm afraid Miss Adams will have to descend ever so slightly from her position in all fairness to those who are interested with her. I wager there'll be more Maude Adams stories and interviews in the press during the next two years than in all her previous experience on the stage!

At an unusual party the other night, at which were present some thirty or thirty-five of the best known people in the theatrical and literary world a vote was taken as to the best two stage directors in America. DAVID BELASCO and HENRY MILLER were elected almost unanimously. The only other director on whom the company came near to agreeing was ROBERT MILTON.

"MOTIF BY LYMAN BROWN"

FOR a long while I didn't quite understand the "Motif by Lyman Brown" that one invariably finds on the Biographical Page of THEATRE MAGAZINE. Inquiry now teaches me that when the Editor of our honored journal sought an expert on the famous rôles of our famous stars to assume the responsibility of preparing the Biographical Pages which are now one of our most popular features, he was led eventually to the door of LYMAN BROWN, brother of CHAMBERLAIN BROWN, head of the noted agency that bears his name. There is probably no one better acquainted with the full experiences of every player in America than Lyman Brown. It has been for years his hobby and his business to be familiar with the accomplishments of actors and actresses, and a memory that borders on genius clamps facts permanently to his mind. One of his particular pleasures is the maintenance of a scrap-book of press-clippings on all the especially prominent stars. Not long ago GEORGE M. COHAN was in Lyman Brown's office and happened across several huge books marked with his name. "What are these?" he demanded. "Your life!" responded Brown. Amazed, Cohan looked through the volumes and saw a compilation of clippings, hundreds of which he had never seen, much less possessed. "When I die, Lyman," he said finally, "give these to my heirs. They are Georgie Cohan!" I doubt if there is an actor of importance in America who owns as complete a personal record of himself as Brown does.

(Continued on page 66)

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE



Everyman at the open grave. Fritz Lieber in the title rôle, and on his left, his wife, Virginia Bronson, as Knowledge.



Death summons Everyman. The mask and costume were designed and executed by Mr. Lieber.

(Below)

Everyman asks allegiance of his attributes on his journey. Mr. Lieber's son, Fritz Lieber, Jr., appears as Five Wits; Mr. Arthur Phair as Strength; and Miss Irene Loux as Good Deeds.



A COMMUNITY PRODUCTION OF *EVERYMAN*

In a natural setting on the slopes of Mt. Mitchell, the people of Atlantic Highlands, N. J., presented the medieval morality play, *Everyman*, before an audience of three thousand people. Fritz Lieber, the eminent Shakespearean actor, whose home is in Atlantic Highlands, appeared in the rôle of *Everyman* and personally trained the cast of amateur actors in his studio. It was a splendid performance which profoundly affected the audience of townspeople and hundreds of visitors who came from New York and neighboring Jersey towns to witness the play.

Staging Shakespeare in Schools and Colleges

Short Cuts to Successful Production—The Consideration of Ways and Means

By HARRY IRVINE

I HAVE been asked to take the plays—*As You Like It* and *The Taming of the Shrew*—from which to illustrate in more detail the hints on presentation given in the previous article. This selection, made on the grounds of the great popularity of these two plays, is judicious, because a consideration of them introduces several points that have not been touched upon.

AS YOU LIKE IT

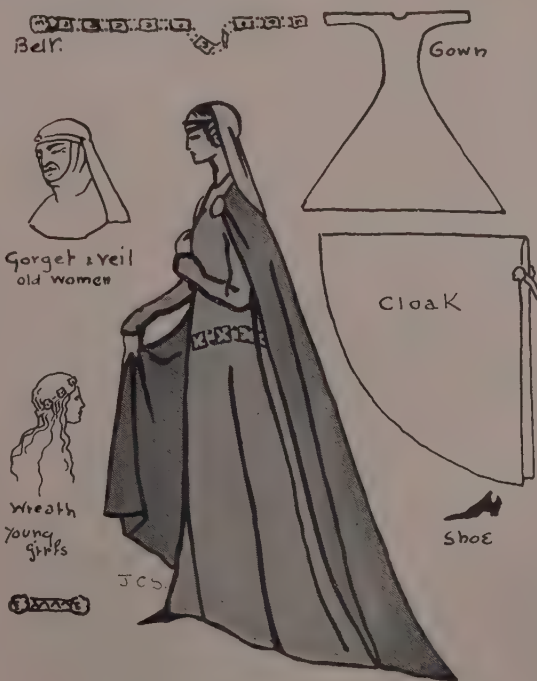
AND first it will be as well to consider the reasons for the popularity of *As You Like It*. In a lesser degree than any other of the famous comedies can it be classed as a drama: that is to say, the story is perhaps the least important thing about it. It is very simple scenically: Act I, Scene 1 requires a small room or garden; the rest of Act I can all be played in the Palace Garden; Acts II, III, IV, and V are all in the Forest of Arden, since Act II, Scene 2 and Act III, Scene 1 are never played. These scenes being all exteriors, and the atmosphere essentially "open-air," the play is very suitable for pastoral use. It offers scope for music and dancing. Above all, it is a favorite with the ladies. To a greater extent than in any other play, the leading woman "heads the bill." Every actress wants to play "Rosalind"; girl students usually select passages from this play for study. And yet it is probably the play which Shakespeare would have "scrapped" or altered completely, if he could have had actresses to play his women's parts instead of boys!

"CUTTING" AND STAGING

THE dramatic minimum of story pure and simple will include little more than lines from Act I. The relationship of Oliver and Orlando, and that of the Duke Frederick, Rosalind and Celia; the plotting with Charles the Wrestler; the wrestling match, leading to the meeting of the future lovers and the disgrace of both of them; the separate flights of Orlando from his brother, and of Rosalind and Celia from the Duke; when these have been stated, the plot has almost entirely been told. It has been said that Act II, Scene 2 and Act III, Scene 1 are never played. But they should be; or Oliver's appearance in Act IV, Scene 3 is utterly unexplained. And with a double stage, there would be no difficulty. The inner stage could be kept small and reserved for Act I, Scene 1 and "A Room in Duke Frederick's Palace," leaving the outer stage free for "Duke Frederick's Garden" and "The Forest of Arden." By simple cutting the two short scenes could be converted into one, which would make a useful break in the Forest scenes and revive some fleeting memory that there was a plot to the play. But observe that

the story could be told without Jacques or Touchstone—to say nothing of Audrey and William, Phoebe and Silvius. As for the very small amount of plot that remains after Act I—the fanciful lessons in love-making given by a boy who finally proves to be the desired girl—that is made utterly unreal in all modern performances. Every actress wants to play Rosalind; but this proves her a woman rather than an actress. For she uses the part to display feminine wit and charm; whereas, dramatically, she should do her utmost to convince Orlando and the audience that she is a "moonish youth." Has any modern playgoer ever seen a Rosalind who would for an instant have deceived any Orlando (who was not blind and deaf) as to her sex? The play is the greatest instance of Shakespeare's use of a terrible handicap. He was the first dramatist to bring real humanity to the stage in place of rhetoric. Yet human women, with strong sex-interest, had still to be played by young men.

Shakespeare used this limitation by making the reverse impersonation—a girl pretending to be a man—an integral part of many of his plays. It is four-fifths of this play; yet most Rosalinds suggest a boy rather less than most Portias, Violas, Jessicas, and others.



UNIFORM DRESS FOR WOMEN IN SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS

The articles of women's attire will consist of gown, belt, cloak and veil. Gown: for all female characters. Belt: elaborate for queens, etc.; plain cord for others. Cloak: for queens and older women. Veil: worn with crown for queens; worn with plain circlet for ladies; for older women, with circlet and gorget (this is a piece of muslin worn over neck and pinned up to top of head under veil). The hair should be braided and worn in "buns" over each ear. For quite young girls, the hair may be worn loose and the veil dispensed with, using a flower wreath instead. For sketch of Men's costume see page 76.

STAGE "BUSINESS"

IN a word, *As You Like It*, like a modern musical comedy, is a play of "trimmings" rather than of drama. The director has, therefore, a greater license in his "cuts"; and, in making them, should consider very carefully the special capabilities of his cast. If good singing is available, it is a tremendous asset. The low comedy of Audrey and William is almost "actor-proof." The high comedy of Rosalind, Celia, Orlando, and Jacques, and the purely poetical speeches of the Banished Duke, Silvius, and Phoebe, offer great difficulties. An experienced actor once said that Jacques would be a good part, if it were not for the "Seven Ages" speech; meaning that the speech is so famous, and so much used for literary study and recitation, that it is very difficult to make it a human part of a human scene, and not an exercise in rhetoric. Two promising students in a dramatic school selected the "Rosalind-Celia" scene in Act III, Scene 2 for study. Knowing that an appearance of real high spirits and enjoyment are essential to high comedy, they had worked hard. They laughed, giggled, ran about the stage, and gave a most convincing suggestion of two mischievous girls having a good time; but at the end of ten minutes, I had not been able to discover the meaning of a single line that either of them had spoken. To combine loveliness and rapid utterance with distinctness and the making of points is technically the most difficult thing in acting. Again remember not to minimize your "cuts," and so force your players to play against time.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

THE *TAMING OF THE SHREW* is a farce pure and simple. Every director must make his own decision as to whether the Induction should or should not be played: it is quaint, and can be very amusing; is can also be very dull. The play proper is complete in itself, and is relatively so short that difficulties with regard to "cuts" hardly arise. It is not difficult scenically, and with an inner and outer stage is simplicity itself. As in all farces, more depends upon the "business" than upon the words. And this brings us to a most important consideration. What stage business is desirable or permissible in the plays of Shakespeare? Heming and Con- dell, when they compiled the Folios, were very economical of stage-directions. The text itself states or gives a clue to necessary business. When Petruchio says to the servant who brings in the basin and ewer:—

"You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?" it does not require a definite stage-direction to tell us that the

(Concluded on page 76)

The Amateur's

Green Room



A COMMUNITY PERFORMANCE OF EVERYMAN

IN these days of the beauty contest, the mardi gras and other spectacular, but more or less unsatisfactory methods of giving publicity to summer resorts, cities and towns, it is refreshing to hear of the splendid publicity program mapped out by the Citizens' Association of Atlantic Highlands, N. J., as a means of bringing worthwhile visitors to their town, on their annual Guest Day.

Instead of the spectacular, they chose the cultural appeal, presenting that great symbolical play of medieval times, *Everyman*, and the venture was such an emphatic success that it is planned to repeat the play, or one of similar appeal each year.

The Citizens' Association of Atlantic Highlands had two objects in mind when they planned the performance: They wanted to give their townfolk a play that would be educational and cultural in its influence, and one that by its very importance and sincerity would attract worthwhile visitors, so they might come to know the beauties of Atlantic Highlands, and its desirability, not only as a summer resort—as it is more generally known—but as an all year 'round home town.

Both objects were admirably achieved. A well planned publicity campaign brought thousands of visitors from outlying points in Jersey as well as Greater New York, clergymen of all denominations, to whom invitations had been issued, responded enthusiastically, and an audience of three thousand people who saw the play in the open, on the slopes of Mt. Mitchell, was profoundly impressed. Over a thousand late-comers were turned away.

There was "open house" on the day of the performance, boy and girl scouts directed visitors, and local residents placed their cars at the disposal of the town's guests.

It is true that Atlantic Highlands is fortunate in having as one of its permanent residents, that able actor and producer, Mr. Fritz Lieber, who personally supervised the production of *Everyman*, played the title rôle, and trained the cast of amateur actors. But the idea of presenting a worthwhile outdoor play as a Guest Day attraction is pregnant with possibilities for other towns where perhaps considerable undiscovered talent lies dormant.

THE DRAMA CONFERENCE AT PETERBOROUGH

THE second Drama Conference and Festival called by Marie Ware Loughton at her camp of Outdoor Players at Peterborough, N. H., in August attracted many men and women who are leaders in their

special phases of work from all over the country, and the conference was characterized by a deep seriousness of purpose and ideals quite distinctive from those of the commercial stage.

The conference concerned itself with the great movement for dramatic art expression, which in the words of Walter Prichard Eaton, has spread all over the country and is a reflex of the spirit of the age, the spirit of conflict, doubt and inquiry.

There was an inspiring address by Oliver Hinsdell, director of Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carré, New Orleans, in which he told how he built up that organization, until it became the largest amateur dramatic group in the country. There were addresses on "Pageants and their Production" by Linwood Taft and Marie Baer Rogers; on "Drama Workshops in Schools and Colleges" by Professor Jack Crawford of Yale; on the "New Art of the Theatre" by Frank C. Hersey of Harvard; a review of the season's dramas by Professor Albert H. Gilmer of Tufts College, and others of note.

Last of all there was a performance of *Sakuntala*, that exquisite Hindu drama, on the beautiful outdoor stage at Peterborough.

NED WAYBURN TO THE RESCUE!

THERE has been a great need for professional assistance and direction, among society folk, clubs and fraternal organizations who go in for play producing, not for the purpose of experimenting in theatre workshop problems, as do the Little The-

atre and college groups, but solely for the entertainment of their audiences, and as a means of raising funds for various charities.

And in answer to that need the most widely known and perhaps the most successful director of musical comedy in the Professional field—Ned Wayburn of Ziegfeld Follies fame—makes the interesting announcement that the facilities of his organization of experts will henceforth be available to amateurs, either in groups or individually.

In his busy school of dancing, at Columbus Circle, just on the fringe of the white lights of Broadway, ear-catching and eye-filling musical numbers are "whipped into shape" with the professional finish for which Mr. Wayburn is famous; young men are trained for the profession of Stage Director, classes in dancing "carry on" from early morning until well into the night, and one is impressed with the fact that here, the "amateur" may find encouragement and inspiration, whether he or she be the harassed producer of a club or society play, or an individual with ambitions for the Stage.

WRITE A PLAY ABOUT IOWA

IF you hale from "Ioway" or the Middle West, and you have ideas and ideals about life and the people there, the University Players of the State University of Iowa invite you to put them in play form. They announce two contests for 1923-24. One for long plays of three or more acts offers a prize of \$100.00 to the winner and is open without restriction to students of the University of Iowa and to residents of the State. The second contest awards a prize of \$35.00 for the best one-act play written by an undergraduate of the State University of Iowa. If the standard of plays received is not satisfactory, the University Theatre reserves the right to postpone the closing date of the competition until such time as producible plays are received, with the right also, of first production, and the option of first publication of prize winning plays.

The contests close February 1st, 1924. Manuscripts should be marked "The University Theatre Prize Competition" and addressed to Professor E. C. Mabie, Director of The University Theatre, 201B Natural Science Hall, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

The Editor of the *Amateur Stage Department* will welcome news items concerning amateur activities, as well as scenes from plays, and advance notes of the dramatic programs for the season of 1923-24 in colleges, schools and little theatre groups.



John Taylor Breen, of New York, whose portrayal of the melancholy Dane, in the production of *Hamlet* by the Holy Cross College Dramatic Club, at Holyoke, Mass., was acclaimed by local critics as an exceptionally fine and finished performance.

THE BEST THINGS IN TOWN



GLADYS FRAZIN BRINGS BACK
A VARIED AND EXQUISITE
WARDROBE FROM PARIS



From Lanvin Miss Frazin chose a picturesque evening frock of a heavy but supple water green satin, made in true Victorian fashion with double skirts touching the floor and off-the-shoulder bodice. A line of narrow black Valenciennes runs round the neck and a black Valenciennes scarf is carried as part of the costume.

Somewhat the antithesis of the above model is Miss Frazin's frock of brocaded silver tissue with brilliant figures of *petit point* embroidered on the skirt. Observe that whereas the hem trails a bit in back it rises high in front, and that the ermine cloak though trimmed with monkey on its green velvet lining is collared in fox. Miss Frazin devised for wear with this frock a most unusual and striking headdress of a large carved coral ornament with strings of coral beads to go about the head.



White Studios

WHAT PARIS HAS TO
OFFER THROUGH THE
NEW YORK SHOPS



Luella Gear of *Poppy* was seen after the matinee at Maillard's in this new mode chapeau of black satin with pill-box crown and wired black lace bows. Her long cigarette holder, similar to the one carried by Miss Frazin, is of black composition, tortoise-shell and fine bands of brilliants.



White Studios

A type of vanity case that Miss Frazin says is all the rage in Paris, of black metal and silver con-



taining rouge, powder, mirror and lip-salve. Incidentally it is in-
expensively priced.



Women can't seem to tear themselves away from the chic cloche shape, and a New York shop shows one similar to Miss Frazin's in black felt with outstanding brush aigrette and either black or white band around the crown. With it should go inevitably a choker of large white pearls.



The latest evolution of the scarf is into a small square shawl of crepe de chine, all in one tone, with long hand fringes. It is to be worn casually over either afternoon or evening gown, and comes in purple, yellow, deep peach, or white.

Enquire
23

For prices and names of shops furnishing the articles mentioned on these two pages, write Anne Archbald, Fashion Editor, Care The Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., New York City.



White Studios

Miss Frazin's coat-dress from Premet, of black duveteen moire trimmed with kolinsky and Russian embroidery in red, green and black wools, in which though the front gives a coat effect the back is straight. Her dashing tricorne is from Maria Guy, and delightful notes are added in red and black shoes and gloves.



Irene Olsen, of *The Nine O'clock Revue*, lunching at the Ritz, was a picture in a full white organdie blouse with red pipings and a scarf-turban in red, blue and yellow stripes. In her ears were crystal loops, while one hand toyed with a new onyx and brilliant tassel on a long, black grosgrain ribbon.

A tricky novelty and favor of the minute is little Miss Pierrot, in blue, rose, or lavender rub-



ber, who holds in one trouser leg a lambs-wool puff for powder and in the other one for rouge.



A New York shop duplicates Miss Frazin's turned-up tricorne in all black satin or taffeta, substituting for the ornament in front, a band of grosgrain with loops and streamers at the side. This is a youthful and almost universally becoming model, and charming for wear with tailor suits.



Another variation of the new shawl which *tout Paris* wears is presented in black crepe, unfringed, but stamped with the most stunning pattern in rose and French blue. Add a black satin cloche with picoted white taffeta frills and serve at a smart hotel.

Emaine
23

12755

The Promenades of Angelina

Promenading in Smart Places She Has Brought Home to Her the Value of the Fan

I WENT to the *première* of *The Greenwich Village Follies* with Tubby the night it opened at the Winter Garden. "How do you like my new frock?" I asked him as I came down stairs when he called for me . . .

It was rather a nice affair . . . somewhat my own invention . . . of yellow moire with long waistline and rows of frilly yellow lace lapping over each other on the skirt, yet giving a slender silhouette. With it I wore three strings of large, large, deep cream pearls, and wrapped myself in a yellow Spanish shawl.

"Yes, immensely," was Tubby's instant and enthusiastic reaction, "you're adorable." But he kept looking at me intently for several minutes as if something bothered him . . .

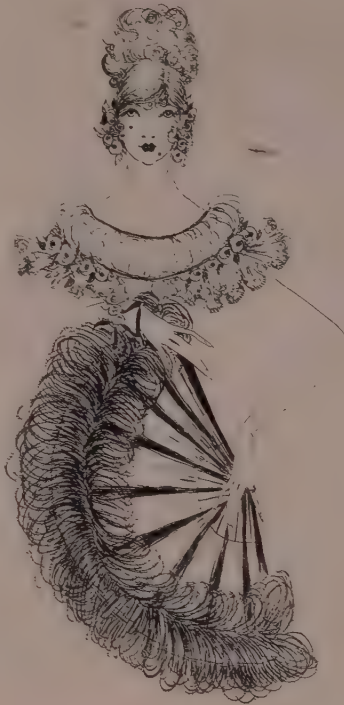
We went on to the Winter Garden . . . it was an interesting opening, with interest-



Good for the long slender silhouette are the long single plumes of curly ostrich.

ing, dressy people crowding the house . . . As we came out into the lobby after it was over Tubby left me a second to speak to a tall, stunning dark woman . . . Amusingly she was robed in the same fashion as myself . . . that is to say, the Spanish shawl and dress to match idea . . . Her scheme was all-ivory with ropes of ivory beads and earrings, and a carved ivory comb . . . In her hand she carried one of those huge curly single plume fans in flame color with which she coquetted at Tubby as she talked. The *ensemble* was really lovely and I was proportionately chagrined that my own costume lacked the finishing note of a fan . . . *Quelle betise!*

From *The Follies* we went on to dance a round at a small private supper club we



This fan with its double frills of pink ostrich might be termed the *débutante* fan.

know . . . I imagined Tubby's eyes still full of the tall ivory lady and it moved me to acknowledge, "What my costume needs is a fan, don't you think, Tubby?" "Yes, by Jove, that's it," exclaimed Tubby. "I just missed something all evening . . . Where there are Spanish shawls there should always be fans . . . One rounds out the motion and the curve of the other . . . What a wicked fan I used to see those jades shake in Spain . . . to say nothing of the gals of old Japan . . . A big ostrich one in shaded orange and yellow



The Spanish influence was bound to increase the vogue of the fan and an odd shaped one in gold with black sequins is distinctly in the atmosphere.

would be good with the dress, Angelina. How about it? Shall I remedy the omission tomorrow, or will you?"

"Thanks a lot," I said, "but I'd rather. Then I'll get the fan definitely as an accessory to my costume and not be thinking about it as a gift . . . That's the trouble with most women's fans I fancy, don't you? They have one or two which somebody has given them as a handsome present and they carry these regardless of their frock. The fan should be chosen to harmonize always, just as much as one's shoes or jewelry, or anything else . . . Of course we're beginning to get better . . ."

"Sounds logical," assented Tubby.

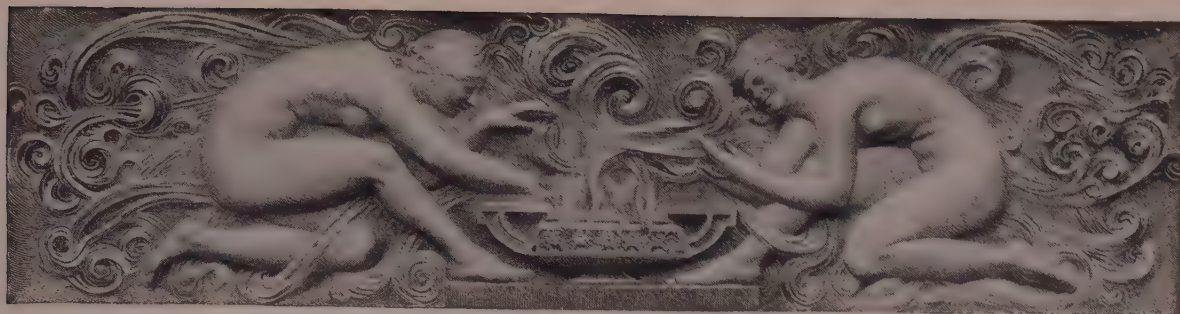
We talked further about fans. Tubby enlarged on how they could be turned into exquisite instruments of torture in the hands of the right female . . . and why was it more American women didn't go in for them . . . They could make even more



The gay coque feather fan offers variety and has its own particular kind of magic.

men perfectly miserable than they did now. . . "What's the famous quotation from *The Spectator* you always hear?" he wound up. I remembered a bit and then Tubby a bit . . . We finally pieced it out to run as follows . . . I think the quotation's correct . . . "Women are armed with fans as men with swords and sometimes do more execution with them" . . .

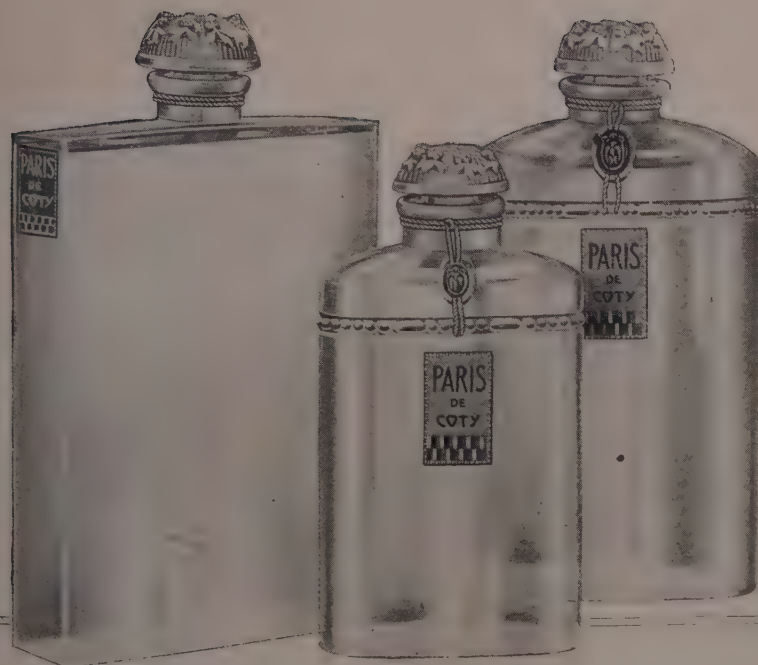
Well, the opening of *The Greenwich Follies* was several weeks ago . . . Since then I've been hearing how popular the fan is with the actress on the stage, and for her own personal use . . . Vivian Tobin, for example carries a *débutante* fan such as you see at the top of the page . . . Irene Bordoni is carrying a chic one symbolic of her vivid personality with bright green flues . . . and Gail Kane the fan of uncut ostrich, a favorite of the moment, in shades of lavender and purple . . . Very evidently it is to be a winter of fans.



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The Nineteen Twenty-three Automobile Salon

Advance Glimpses of America's Annual Exhibition of Fine Cars and Coachwork to be Held in the Commodore, New York, and Drake Hotel, Chicago

ANOTHER first night for your calendar—this one will appeal equally to all motorists, the novice enthusiast, and the veteran. Once a year those interested in the thoroughbred car have an opportunity to inspect the coming vogue in motor car design and custom coachwork—and an outline of what we saw at the rehearsal of the forthcoming Automobile Salon will surely prove that this year's exhibition will be up to its usual high standard.

For the benefit of the uninitiated let us explain that the Salon represents the aristocracy of motordom, and that there is a difference between the motor cars exhibited there and ordinary cars, a difference of about \$10,000 per car.

With the passing of the coach and pair and the adoption of the standard chassis, there remained for those desiring discriminating qualities in their motor cars only the super structure or body for the expression of that individuality and good taste, which is essential to position in social, professional, or business circles. In answer to this demand came the carrosiers or custom body builder, and the Automobile Salon, will be held this year at the Commodore Hotel, New York, November 11th to 17th inclusive.

Now, while individuality is the foundation of the custom body, maximum riding comfort, rare beauty, and long life are inherent qualities. Rather than a gratification of mere vanity, the creations of the world's greatest carrosiers represent the ultimate in harmonious color and design in that high degree of perfection demanded by their clients.

Another thing—the Salon sets the pace for the entire automotive industry—yearly

—the standard manufacturers see here clever new ideas for chassis and body which frequently become so popular that the motoring public demands their inclusion on quantity production cars. As for example, in the past the following important advancements in car design and construction were first offered for the approval of the fastidious motorist at the Salon. Way back in 1910 four wheel brakes, now so much in demand, were first shown on an Isotta Fraschini chassis. Later in chronological

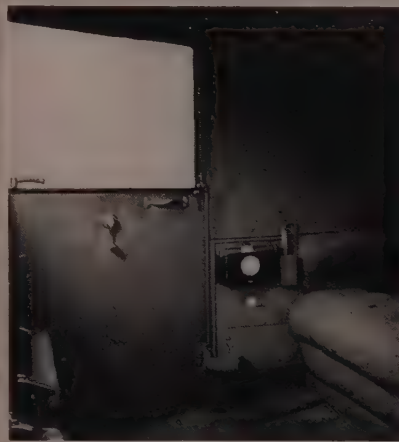
order, wire and disc wheels, first V-type motor, first straight "8" motor, also, and this was but last year, the first showing of the collapsible folding frame window, which readily converts the standard closed body into an open car or phaeton.

This year there apparently will be a lessening of new ideas at the Salon, but the cars are more gorgeous than ever. It seems that every last atom of human ingenuity has been expended in providing magnificent equipages for motoring royalty. Upholstery is more delicate in appearance and more decorative than formerly, but it possesses infinitely better wearing qualities than in the past. Body hardware, as the door handles, window regulators, dome lights, vanity cases, and other necessary fittings are called, shows two trends, one the further comfort of the motorist through greater ease of operation, the other towards more handsome designs through progressive brilliant enamels, gold and silver finishes, and handsome hardwood and ivory inlays.

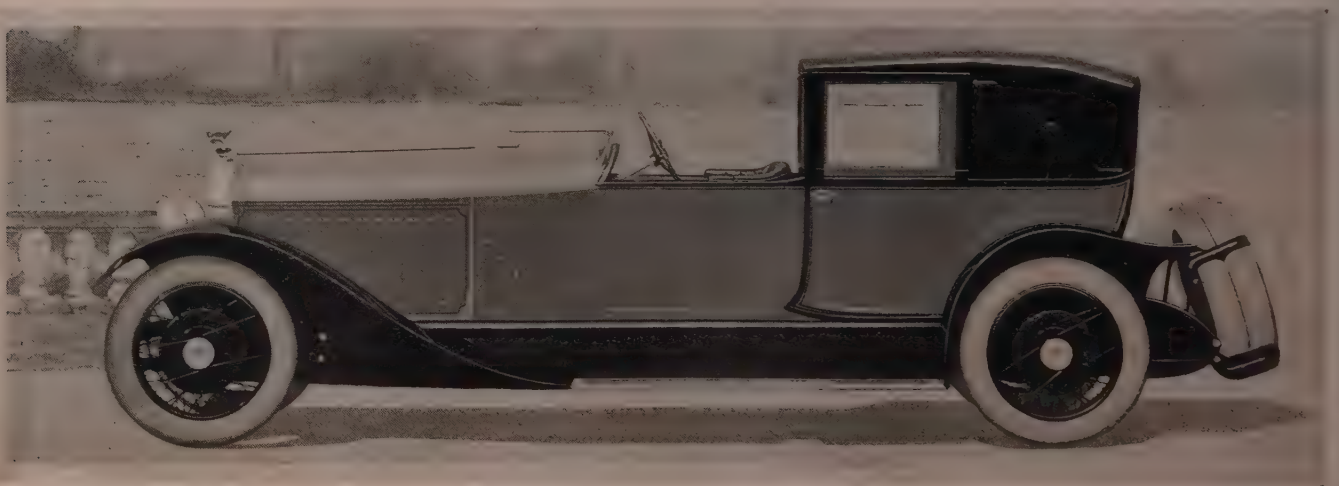
On the part of the makers of high grade custom bodies there is a noticeable move toward the adoption of color schemes that are amazing, not so much for their brilliance, as for their cleverness, and sometimes the daring of the new combinations of colors, tones, and shades which the carrosiers have been able to evolve.

While the Salon may be shy of real revolutionary novelties which have distinguished some of its past performances, perhaps, and we, writing considerably in advance of the exhibition, believe that some of the manufacturers are holding back secrets till the opening.

But there will be new things at the Salon. Le Baron will exhibit on foreign and Locomobile chassis, coachwork designed



Interior of the New V-63 Cadillac cabriolet, fully collapsible, designed and built by Healey & Co. This has the new patented folding upper door pillars, of light steel construction. Also, a feature is the nailless construction of the door and partition trimming. When the handles are removed the upholstery can be slid out of permanent channels.



Remarkable treatment has resulted here in an exterior appearance of small or only moderate size. This square cornered cabriolet, Salamanca, on the famous Italian Isotta Fraschini chassis, comfortably seats five persons in the rear.

in their American office, but built abroad under their supervision. Healey & Company, on the new Cadillac chassis will exhibit fully collapsible cabriolets embodying their new patented folding pillars and the nailless construction of the door and partition trimming. This allows for the removal of the upholstery by sliding out of permanent channels.

Isotta Motors, Inc., exhibiting on the Italian Isotta Fraschini chassis, will have several jobs, (in the trade a motor car is always called a job), really worthy of note. One is a cabriolet, square cornered Salamanca, accommodating five persons very comfortably inside, yet treated to convey from its exterior an appearance of small or only moderate size. The coupe pillar has been used, making an entirely separate compartment of the rear, and the fenders and cowl have been designed to lend an atmosphere of flowing grace to the car. The rear fenders are unusual in present-day coachwork, flaring as they do rather than following the contour of the wheel. A two-tone beige color combination has been employed on this model, with fine stripping of red.

Renaults will be exhibited by their own Factory Branch, and will include some with bodies by Kellner of Paris, whose fame is deservedly world-wide. The latest products of the American plant of Rolls-Royce, the aristocrat of aristocrats, will be shown, embodying all recent refinements of construction. Dietrich will exhibit his current creations on the Locomobile chassis. Brunn, of Buffalo, has two masterpieces on the Lincoln chassis that should not be overlooked. Judkins of Merrimac, Mass., will also exhibit on the Lincoln, as well as the Packard Single-Six chassis. While Fleetwood will exhibit on the

Packard Straight Eight and Lincoln chassis.

Other exhibits include a Meritas Body, built by the Merrimac Body Corp., on a Peerless chassis. Also, on Peerless chassis will be bodies by the Springfield Body Corp., and Rubay Company of Cleveland. Marmons will be shown by the Hume Body Corp. of Boston, and Lafayettes by Seaman of Milwaukee. Voisin, Excelsior and Minerva, are among other foreign cars to be at the Salon, and Cunningham and Daniels of domestic construction. In all, the finest automotive products of six nations are represented.

TENDENCIES IN DESIGN

IT is not so much in the creation of body types that the real play of the custom coach builders' art is made, but rather in the many features of design evident both inside and out. The true carrossier handles these lines with the same artistic skill that his brother artist uses on canvas.



A special coupe by Judkins on the Lincoln chassis. Attractive features of this car are the grace of its lines, and the comfort of the driving seat, achieved by just the right tilt.

The prevailing tendency with exterior lines represents little more than a further development of the stream-line design which became en Vogue several years ago. This has continued popular because it produces most pleasing effects, and at the same time reduces wind resistance.

In the matter of exterior painting, color combinations are the prevailing style and invariably used. The colors are no longer flashy or brilliant, but on the contrary are rather subdued, and selected so as to produce the most harmonious effect. Maroon, blue, green, and browns, gray, and occasionally stripings in gold, silver, white, blue or green represent the extent of selection. Red and yellow are almost taboo.

THE VOGUE OF THE CUSTOM BODY

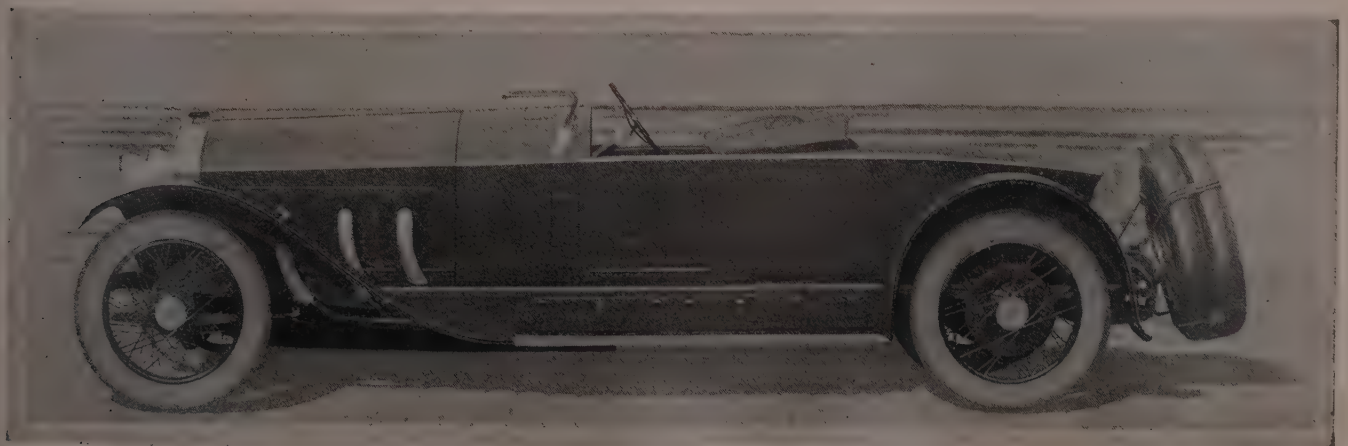
CUSTOM built coachwork is the embodiment of personal taste. In other words, it expresses individuality. Therefore it is no more difficult to produce custom coachwork in quantity than it would be to build town homes and country houses in quantity from a uniform design. This means it just cannot be done.

Building custom coachwork is an art mellowed by the centuries. With the passing of the thoroughbred coach horse and

the substitution of the standard chassis there remained only the vehicle super-structure, or body, in which the discriminating, well-to-do owner could seek that expression of individuality and good taste which is an important essential to position and social, professional and business circles.

Therein is the reason for the superlative creations of the carrossiers' art which dominate the boulevards of the world's capitals, which follow one after the other at the portals of grand opera and polo, and on

which are centered aristocratic attention at the Annual New York and Chicago Automobile Salons. Incidentally this country alone stages special exhibitions of exclusive custom motor coachwork, which attests the fact that America now leads the world in the building of these de luxe productions.



Great progress has been made in the matter of stream lining sport cars. This car will be shown at the Salon by Dietrich. It is the only Locomobile shown with wire wheels, and it has also been considerably dressed by special semi-slat running boards such as are now used abroad quite extensively. The roadability of the car has been proved for by the suspension of spare tires at the rear.

(Continued from page 20)

And now she is to appear in D'Annunzio's *La Città Morta*! Again Morris Gest seems to have accomplished the impossible!

Perhaps he may accomplish that which the unlimited money of several publishers has failed to do—lure from Duse the dramatic story of her life, with its devastating disillusion, more poignant than any drama in which she has played the leading rôle.

The years of retirement could not fail to leave a mark. Duse always shunned publicity and with health and hope shattered, retirement became a morbid obsession. I remember in Rome and in the devastated districts at the time of the Avezzano earthquake, the black veiled figure of Eleanora Duse working effectively but shrinkingly among the homeless, stricken survivors. And then a great benefit was arranged at the Costanza—a gala affair. Duse was asked to appear for the earthquake fund. Her reply was epic in its significance.

"Why should I drag my tired body, my weary spirit, my ravaged face, my grey hair upon the stage to give these frivolous women in *décolleté* a chance to titter over my thin neck, the wrinkles in my face? No, I have no time for the sort of charity that must be entertained before it will heed the cry of human suffering at our door."

And Duse gave and gave. Only a short time before she had given away her Roman villa as a home for struggling young actresses.

Suffering and disillusion had brought no bitterness to her, only a great desire to alleviate sorrow.

Then came economic problems; for a short time Duse came out of the shadows to appear in the film, Grazia Delledda's *Cenere*, (*Ashes*).

It was impossible to look upon the picture without deep emotion, for the title, especially for the responsive Italians, suggested so much of the great artist's life, reduced by *Il Fuoco* (*The Flame*) to *Cenere* (*Ashes*).

And now, from the ashes, phoenix-like, genius has risen again, fanned by an interesting psychological phenomenon.

Duse's first appearance will be at the Metropolitan Opera House, where she was last seen. Her one and only night performance is in *Cosa Sia, Saperai* (*Will Be Done*). Judging from the public's interest, the return of Duse will be one of New York's most thrilling premières.

The remaining nine of her ten New York appearances will be semi-weekly matinees at the Century Theatre. Twenty performances will be given in this country, ten of them being in other cities.

Duse's repertoire consists of twenty plays, three of them, *Cosa Sia, Saperai* (*Ghosts*) and *La Porta Chiusa* (*Reigning the agonies, the pathos, the sighs of the emotion, which Duse has made me feel was the great universal appeal—mother love.*



RAQUEL MELLER—A NEW STAGE PERSONALITY

(Continued from page 24)

ments and church ornaments. As she worked she sang the pious songs and chants she had learned in the convent and gradually to these she added the old ballads and folk-songs of Spain. As she sang, putting into her voice the poignancy and imagination which was natural to her, the girls working by her side found themselves in tears.

One day she was asked by a friend to sing at a private concert. Her fame spread and the leading voice-teacher in Barcelona invited her to be his pupil. A year later she left for Madrid to sing in the famous music hall. Here she sang the popular songs of the hour which she heard in the streets. To these she added songs of heroic toradors and folk-songs. The King and Queen of Spain heard of her and expressed their desire to see her. Before royalty, Meller was as simple and natural as she had been in the embroidery factory, and her success was assured from then on. Every summer she sings at Sebastian and at

Santander and invariably the crowds attend.

She is the highest paid woman singer in Spain. Her name is a household word and her popularity in her own country is unequalled by any individual player.

Meller's work can perhaps be described by the word realism. She is a singer of the people and for the people, and in her art there is a realistic quality.

She is being brought to America this winter by the Messrs. Selwyn. They have vexed so enthusiastic over her discovery that they are having a Spanish revue especially prepared to frame for her work. In her appearances on the Continent, she has been seen without any settings of a supporting company. Her new managers, associated in their venture with Charles B. Cochran of London, intend to build an entire performance on the background for her own distinctive individualism.



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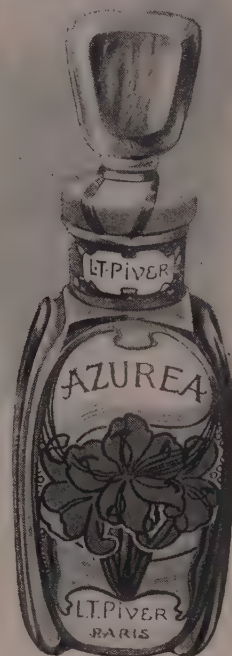
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Dorian Gray



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A luxurious coat of ermine for which a gown of poppy velvet forms vivid background.

Stein & Blaine

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WHY IT COSTS SO MUCH TO AMUSE YOU

(Continued from Page 12)

"American Georgie" was giving instructions to Barret Greenwood for encores—Mr. Greenwood inquired: "But suppose there is no encore?" Mr. Cohan leaned over the back of the seat and spoke quietly: "If there's no encore; there's no show."

Unknowns have been lucky enough to page Fate, and she, being no lady, placed her fingers to her nose, and gave them Success! What d'ye know about the Romance of the Two Little Office Boys who took their savings of a few hundred, slammed a play on by an author with brains, but not known to Broadway, and—landed a winner! *The Last Warning*, a warning indeed to the wiseacres, who said the whole scheme was a press agent's dream—not to always doubt—but to wait and see!

PUTTING ON THE PLAY

IMEDIATE production! This is what occurs before a New York audience gives a play the once over. First, the re-writing! What crimes are committed in the name of "re-writing." Only a blind author can recognize his own brain child after Mr. Manager's pet play-butcher has finished. You see, while Mr. Playwright has tried to reconstruct his immortal work to suit the purchaser, the play doctor has been instructed what is to be done to the play. "Done" is a pretty phrase and apt—the play is done—to a crisp. Then the machinery for public presentation is set in motion.

John, the Bootblack, or the Barber, or a Wall Street Broker or Ticket Speculators, all "angels" of Broadway and Broadway shows, are "let in" on the production to the tune of the first few thousand dollars necessary for costumes, scenery, properties, transportation to place of opening, printing, salary of advance man and all other incidental expenses.

When the General Stage Director goes into action, the circus begins. "The King Behind the Curtain" pronounces the re-written play all wrong, volunteers to fix it up, for another thousand, brooks no interference from the manager, who wonders if the bank roll will meet the demands. The technical details of a production are absolutely in the hands of this stage director, who is one of the many free-lance "unionized" products of self-exploitation. He really is a self-magnified clerk of the theatre, known in the past as a "stage manager," once a small part actor, seldom a good one, whose duties were to handle the routine details occurring during rehearsals.

For no reason at all, managers are paying these dictators anywhere from \$600 to \$1000 per week during rehearsals, and in a few instances, (when demanded just before the opening performance) a one per cent. royalty, to be taken out of the author's portion.

The cast is selected without con-

sulting either manager or playwright. The director takes no chances on talent; he seeks actors and actresses identified with parts similar to those in the play. He plays "types" as a safe bet. Year in and year out, the public sees the same faces, plays who are known for a peculiar funny nose, flapper ears, bulging bow-legs, lisping inarticulation, emotional gasping—and the public, suffering, never understanding—wonders. As for the art of make-up or of accessories—perish the thought! Theories rise for freak types—and wants to be artistic when money must be made?

Are salaries the largest item in production? Not unless you exclude newspaper advertising. The checks Sunday "ads" would pay for a high and lot on Long Island. Recognized leading men and women receive \$400 to \$600 per week; comedians less than \$250; character men and women, each from \$150 to \$300; ingenue and juvenile players get in the neighborhood of \$150 each, and "bits" ask \$100 weekly, so even with six people cast, at top prices, it comes to a neat \$2,000—and that's modest.

If the scenic studios won't "let in" on the production, then the payment must be made for the scenery. The rest can be made in installments and the order goes out: "Make the set simple elegance!" which reduces the outlay.

THE FIRST FOUR WEEKS

REHEARSAL 11 A.M. And everybody's late, each in accordance with his importance. But the struts in, one hour to the bad, temper. The first reading of the play gives him a great opportunity to play his impatience with the poor body. He must train to act, although the cast may have forgotten more than he will ever know. Intelligent reading of the parts is attempted by the actors and after an absurd, rowdy outburst the stage director dismisses his "beciles" for the day, having accomplished his usual quota—nothing.

Yet they go on and on, multiplying, insulting, begging, and dying, until four weeks is over. During that time, Mr. Manager has been fighting with either Shubert or Langer for terms on his rout that let him break even. "Breaking even" is the prayer of each producer; there are few like Flo Ziegfeld, who *Follies* gets its 75 per cent. of gross each week and with \$37,000 the last week at the New Amsterdam Theatre, he should worry!

Atlantic City for a try-out, Baltimore to follow. Then, if the play is considered set for New York, the Manager will take a chance and "let it in." He timidly slides in to the rehearsal, and the watchful eye of

(Concluded on Page 74)



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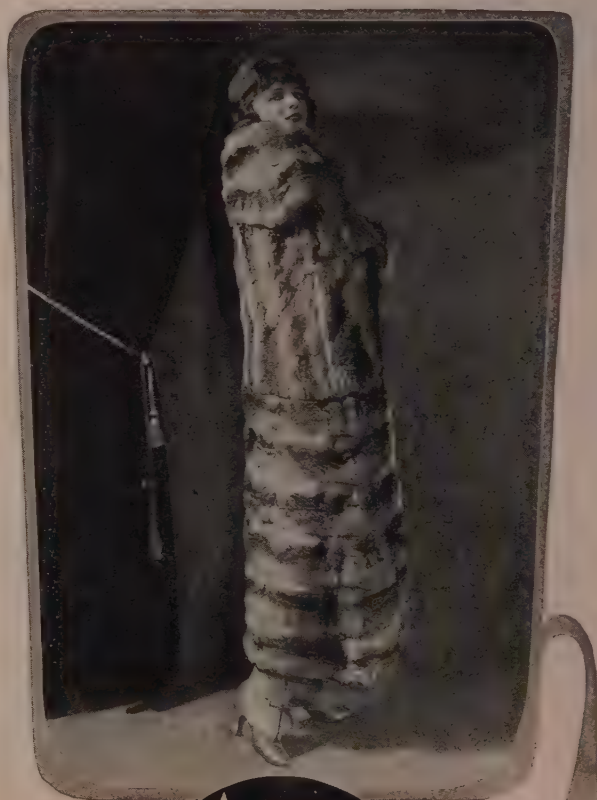
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TRADE MARK

MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from Page 19)

The piece embodies every formula since plays began, from murder, brutality, illegitimacy, drunkenness, suicide, lies, conniving, perjury, bribery, plain and fancy hatreds to paresis. Peter Weston, a manufacturer and a widower, is the hard-headed, hard-hearted, self-made business-man who precipitates upon his head and house these moral and social disasters.

His two sons have been forced into his business at the sacrifice of their ambitions; one to write, the second to paint. The writer drinks himself to death. The artist misappropriates funds and murders his sister's sweetheart. The sister, forced to bear an illegitimate child, is forced on the witness stand, by her strong father, to perjure herself in her brother's defense. In spite of sister's heroism, John is sentenced. Peter Weston, on the morning of his son's execution, is found entertaining hallucinations, with the cuckoo-birdies twittering on the trees outside. Frank Keenan is at his best in these kinds of rôles and he gives a fine portrayal of the stern, hard-boiled manufacturer.

His support is exceptionally capable. Judith Anderson, as the daughter Jessie, puts up some thrilling fights, and in a little torture-session with her father following the murder of the man she loves, rises to rather important heights.

The Musical Revues

MUSIC BOX. Spectacle in two parts. Lyrics and music by Irving Berlin, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Music Box Theatre on September 24th with the following principals:

Ivy Sawyer, Joseph Santley, Brox Sisters Solly Ward, Grace Moore, Frank Tinney, John Steel, Robert Benchley, Florence O'Denishawn, Phil Baker, Hugh Cameron, Mme. Stroeve, Florence Moore.

WINTER GARDEN. *Greenwich Village Follies.* Spectacle in two parts. Lyrics by Irving Caesar and John M. Anderson. Music by Louis A. Hirsch and Con Conrad, produced by the Bohemians, Inc. at the Winter Garden on September 20th with these principals:

Joe E. Brown, Tom Howard, Joe Lyons, Denman Maley, Irene Delroy, Al Sexton, Daphne Pollard, Ethel McElroy, Martha Graham, John Marshall, Marion Dabney, Eva Puck, Walter Craig, George Rasely, Josephine Adair, the Cansinos, Marion Green, Two Briants, and others.

FULTON. *Nifties of 1923.* Spectacle in two parts produced by Charles Dillingham on September 25th with these principals:

Lina Basquette, William Holbrooke, Vladimir Rasellofsky, Van and Schenck, Sam Bernard, William Collier, Frank Crumit, Ray Dooley, Hazel Dawn, Helen Broderick, Jane Greene, etc.

IT'S about time someone told the plain, unvarnished truth about these over-priced, over-advertised, over-praised perennials. If you are to

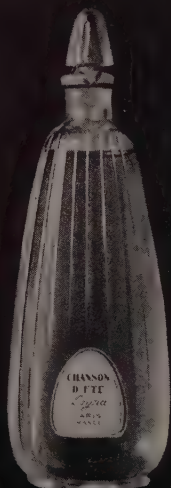
believe the newspapers, the new *ones* are the most gorgeous, the most brilliant, the most entertaining delightful spectacles that ever Broadway between the binoculars. are told that their scenic effects marvels of haunting beauty, the show girls *houris* of ravishing leanness, the costumes and accessories last gasp of luxurious magnificence. Their funny men, they declare, vulse the audience with super splitting drollery, their comedy are uproariously amusing, their dances visions of terpsichorean grace charm.

If you discount the above riot of adjectives 50 per cent you about approximate the truth. No one honestly say that this year's *Revue* are better, or even as good, as the predecessors. Why, then, this distortion of the facts? The reason is it is customary among newspaper writers to let this sort of show down easy. They are classed with Hippodrome which, according to reviewers, was always better of season, no matter how poor the bill actually might be. Such misrepresentation is a poor policy because it not only misleads the public—duced to pay high prices for shows only to get mediocre entertainment in return—but it is bad for the producer as well. With no one to point out the weak spots in his program is apt to grow careless and think can put anything over.

Time was when these big *spectacles de luxe* had real merit and deserved all that could be said in their praise. That was a few years ago when they first started. They were the novelty and neither money nor power were spared to make them the talk of the town. Ziegfeld first had shown the way with his *Follies*. The *tableaux* of Ben Ali Haggin, decorative genius of Bakst and Ure the exquisite designs and stage pictures of John Murray Anderson resulted in shows the sheer beauty and luxury of which took Broadway breath away. Ziegfeld had no imitators and some of them, especially the *Greenwich Village Follies* and *Music Box Revue* at one time seriously challenged the Ziegfeld supremacy. But success and prosperity brought about a deterioration of standards. Even Ziggy himself fell the pace too swift. There was a den let down. The shows became less gorgeous, less snappy. The producers in a word, had shot their

There is much to admire in this year's *Music Box Revue* and a great deal to criticise. Mr. H. has spent money by the barrel. In truth, the show is more red of money than it is of brains. The bill is varied enough and it starts snappily with *The Fraudway*

(Continued on Page 56)



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The Fair	Detroit, Mich.	Livingston Bros., Inc.
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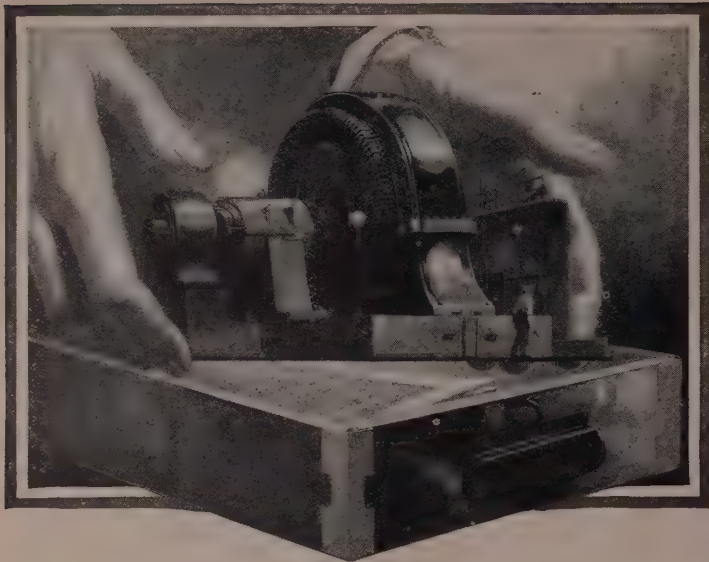


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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from Page 54)

Office, an act so smart and amusing that one expected all the rest would be of like calibre. But the succeeding numbers fell far short and much of the humor is stale. For example, the comedian says: "I know a man who married nineteen women." His partner asks: "Who was he?" Answer: "A minister." That joke I heard a year ago in *Bombo*, and it may be of even greater antiquity than that. Could anything be more raw and amateurish than the forced humor of Frank Tinney's sketch *Hunting Wild Game in Africa*? And Robert Benchley's *Treasurer's Report*! Amusing in its way, it might serve for some Sunday School entertainment, but offered to a sophisticated Broadway audience at \$5 a seat—phew! And Florence Moore and her *Music Notes*, could anything be more childish? And Mme. Stoeva? What is the particular talent of this masculine looking, stern-faced woman from Russia who sings monotonous ditties almost in one key without cracking a smile, to warrant her being featured? And John Steel? Isn't there a little too much of him?

The redeeming features are the *Orange Grove in California*, a very beautiful tableau, the dancing of Florence O'Denishawn, the *Waltz of Long Ago*, agreeably sung by Grace Moore, and the *Maid of Mesh*, a wonderful and dazzling display of dresses of gold and silver mesh, made by Messrs. Whiting and Davis. It is an achievement for any American manufacturer to be able to turn out gowns of a texture so remarkable as to have them made a feature in an important metropolitan production, and, in the same way that acknowledgement is made on the program, it is only just to give the makers a word of recognition here. Mr. Hassard Short deserves a great deal of credit for his share in the direction of the big show.

What is said about the *Music Box Revue* applies equally to the *Greenwich Village Follies*. This year's show can't compare with those that have gone before. Is competition too keen? Are ideas running short? I don't know, but when it's all over you ask yourself what you've seen and you have to admit very little. The first part of this show is better than the second half. *Kama's Garden*, John Murray Anderson's arrangement of the *Indian Love Lyrics*, is very beautiful, superbly done. *The Fatal Card*, where four shipwrecked sailors, tossing about on a raft, draw cards to see who'll die first, is novel and amusing. *The Barcarole* is also a lovely picture, with stately figures of lovers of every age. Daphne Pollard is very funny in the *Immigration Office* scene, and not so funny in the sketch called *Wanted—A Man*. There was plenty of color and no end of temperament in the *Spanish Dances*, but the

act is tiresome. The impersonation of Edgar Allan Poe, and recitation of "The Raven," although well done by Marion Green, is out of place in a show of this kind. The dancers and show girls are attractive and the costumes rich in fabric and beautiful in color.

In the new *Nifties*, described on the programme as "glorifying American clean humor," there is no disputing the fact that the humor is clean or that it is American, but the fact remains that it is not very funny. Sam Bernard and William Collier head the cast and manage to make their scenes mildly amusing by the sheer force of their irrepressible personalities. But they give the impression of being on an oasis of gaiety completely surrounded by cheap scenery, dull burlesques and the usual commonplace, if expert, dancing. There are other Broadway favorites in the cast but they are not strong enough to hasten the feeble stream of the production. Ray Dooley is again an enfant terrible in a family picnic party and Hazel Dawn does one of the ubiquitous burlesques of *Rain* without which no revue is complete these days. The rest of the show meanders along the dead level of mediocrity and not even the Bernard-Collier combination can charm it back into any semblance of hilarity.

Chicken Feed

A Comedy in three acts by Guy Bolton, produced by John Golden at the Little Theatre, September 24th, 1923, with the following cast:

Jim Bailey, Frank McCormack; Annie Bailey, Marie Day; Luella Logan, Leila Bennett; Hughie Logan, Arthur Aylsworth; Danny Kester, Stuart Fox; Nell Bailey, Roberta Arnold; Chester Logan, Frank Allworth; Mr. Tevis, Mart Fuller Golden; Judge McLean, Sam Reed; Oscar, Bert West; Miss Johnson, Katherine Wilson; Harry Taylor, George Spelvin.

IF you want a good laugh—whether you are married, and still able to see the humorous side of matrimonial misunderstandings, or single, with a purely academic interest—go and see *Chicken Feed*. Guy Bolton's comedy will keep you chortling all evening.

It is the story of a young lady, Nell Bailey (Roberta Arnold), who attempts to rearrange the family financial situation so that her mother will not be put to the constant humiliation of asking for money. Share and share alike—fifty-fifty is Nell's idea, but father, Bailey is too old-fashioned to see the argument.

Nell then issues an ultimatum in behalf of her mother. Fifty-fifty or quit—and quit it is. Mother Bailey up and leaves the old man. The exalting audacity of Nell's campaign goes to the head of her friend, Luella Logan (Leila Bennett) who finds cause

(Concluded on Page 75)



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(Continued from Page 28)

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The sharp whirr of an aeroplane motor sounds close at hand, and Higgs enters to tell Major Bannister that the machine is ready to take off. Major postpones their departure, but as he is again on the point of proposing to Jane, Thomas enters with picnic basket.

MAJOR: Do you know, Thomas, this room is just like a railway station?—People arriving and departing every minute. Do you think there will be a crowd at Neptune's Pool?

THOMAS: Only the fish, sir,—and the gulls.

MAJOR: Ah—That will be wonderful! Do you hear that Jane?

JANE: (Laughing) Yes—

MAJOR: (Holding out his hand) Well, are you ready?

JANE: (Radiantly) Yes, I am ready.

Jane takes his hand and they go out on the terrace, laughing like children. Thomas follows and watches them off,—chuckling to himself.

Act II. Same setting, between five and six o'clock the same afternoon. Madame Atherton and Dr. Wetherell are having tea together, and talking their conspiracy over.

MADAME: I daresay they'll be here shortly.

DOCTOR: Joke if Laura got here first. We wouldn't know where we stood.

MADAME: Somehow or other, Doctor, the humor of that possibility escapes me.

DOCTOR: Well, I'm enjoying it immensely. This sort of thing actually renews my youth.

MADAME: (Drily) I think you must have forgotten Laura's tantrums.

DOCTOR: I see so many neurotic women that a tantrum more or less doesn't mean much to me.

SOUND of laughing voices outside herald the entrance of Jane and the Major.

JANE: Oh, Grandmère!—But, of course, it's no surprise to you—who knows how we both felt.

DOCTOR: (Gruffly) Well, well,—what's all this?

JANE: Can't you guess, Doctor? Major John Bannister is going to be my husband!

DOCTOR: Oh, is that all? Why, we all knew that last week. Even Thomas knew it!

JANE: (Abashed) Oh, Doctor!

MADAME: I am very glad for both of you, and very happy for myself. Sit down beside me—I want to talk to both of you for a few minutes seriously, and there is so little time. You are young people and you have, I hope, long lives before you. Many things will happen—some happy and some sad;—but so long as you have each

other nothing can hurt you much. Your lives are mutual now, and you must never allow anyone or anything to interfere between you. Your first and highest duty is to each other. That is all I have to say.

AFTER this Grandmaternal blessing the happy pair depart to dress for dinner, leaving a very uncomfortable pair of conspirators to await the advent of Laura. She arrives in very bad temper because Jane did not meet her at the station. When the grandmother confesses that Jane has not been told of her mother's impending return, Laura is indignant, and her suspicions having been aroused she speedily learns of the love affair,—whereupon she emphatically "forbids the banns." Jane shall not marry,—an aviator anyway. Major Bannister tries to mollify her, and she insults him. Finally she flares up.

LAURA: (Sneeringly) So, I see,—you mean to encourage her to disobey me.

MADAME: She will need no encouragement from me; but if she did I should use every means in my power to prevent her from sacrificing herself to your heartless selfishness!

LAURA: (In blank amazement) My selfishness?

MADAME: Yes, your selfishness,—for that is all it is,—the sum and substance of all your objections. It is not of Jane that you are thinking, nor her future; it is yourself.

LAURA: (Breathlessly) Do you mean to accuse me of being a bad mother?

MADAME: Yes—one of the worst. The sort that kills with demands;—demands for affection, for thought, for service, for consideration. Demands always demands, until every natural impulse is clouded and distorted. You want to absorb every pulsation and emotion of her life; and then at last, when she is old and withered before her time, keep her for a stick to lean on in your old age.

Madame Atherton's bitter truths simply confirm Laura in her determination to break off the match, and when Jane introduces her fiancé she ignores him completely. Failing to win Jane to her way of thinking, by blandishments, promises of a European trip, and even of accusing Bannister of having virtually murdered her son by sending him up on a moonlight night, Laura as a last card reveals the curse of the Atherton's,—"lunacy."—as a final reason why she has no right to marry any man,—no right to bear a child. Jane being stubbornly incredulous, Laura throws open the doors leading to the terrace, where Judge Atherton is gazing through his telescope at the Moon which is just rising.

(Continued on Page 60)



Glenn Hunter "Septing" May McAvoy on Location.

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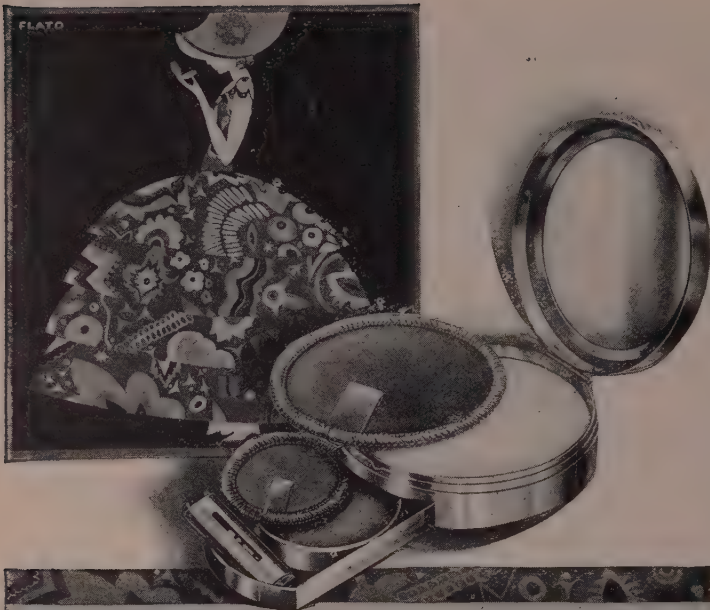
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TRE-JUR

CHILDREN OF THE MOON

(Continued from Page 58)

LAURA: Look!—There is the future that awaits you—you and your children!

JANE: I don't believe you.

LAURA: Look, now, child of the moon, and tell me what you see. (*Jane looks at moon*) Your hands—Look at your hands trembling!

JANE: (*Desperately*) No, no, no! I am not mad! It is a lie—I am not mad!

JANE, crying in her terror, breaks away from her mother and rushes up the stairs. Laura suddenly coming to her senses and realizing what she has done, tries to stop her. Madame Atherton and Dr. Wetherell hurry into the room in time to witness the climax.

MADAME: Laura, Laura! What have you done?

Act III. Several hours later. The Moon is on high and Judge on the terrace. Jane, obsessed with the idea that she is indeed a "Moon-mad Atherton," applies to her grandfather to learn what he sees through the telescope. She is entranced with the visions he and her imagination conjure up for her. Laura is horrified, and having angrily precipitated this catastrophe she now tries vainly to retrieve the situation.

LAURA: (*Almost timidly*) What were you doing on the terrace, Jane?

JANE: (*Dreamily*) I was looking at the Moon. It is very beautiful.

LAURA: I hope you have not taken seriously what I said this evening. I lost my temper and you know, dear, your mother is not accountable for what she says or does when she is angry—

JANE: (*Indifferently*) Yes, I know—

LAURA: You understand, dear, I have withdrawn my objections to your marrying the Major. You—you should be very happy, Jane. You have health, and youth, and—and love;—while you have that nothing can really hurt you.

JANE: (*With a wan smile*) Grandmère told me that.

LAURA: Your Grandmother knows. She acted very unwisely about this affair, but I forgive her. It was the shock that upset me. ... I should have been consulted, then everything would have been all right. (*Anxiously*) You still love your mother, Jane?

JANE: (*Dully*) I—I don't know. It is like a dream and I feel dead—all dead inside.

LAURA: I mean that what I said this evening will not make a difference between you and Major Bannister.

JANE: Do you think he would marry me if he knew?

LAURA: (*Eagerly*) But he need not know.

JANE: Do you think that would be right?

LAURA: (*Passionately*) It is of your

life, your happiness that I am thinking

JANE: And what of his?

LAURA cannot find an answer to this. Mme. Atherton enters quietly from the library.

MADAM: Jane, dear, may I say something to you?

JANE: Yes, Grandmère—

MADAME I have guarded you so carefully from any knowledge of this thing. Perhaps that was a mistake, because it has now come to you as a great shock. Dr. Wetherell has not thought that there was any danger of it in your generation. Your brother was a perfectly normal boy,—at least until your mother's ungovernable nature prompted her to plant the morbid suggestion on his mind. (*Laura winces at these words but dares not debate them.*) I do not think you have anything to fear, but even if you have—life may be very full and fine for you. Your father was a cheerful, happy man—and your grandfather's life has been full of so many things—

JANE But your life, grandmère,—and—and my mother's?

MADAME If I had my life to live over again, and could foresee each day of it,—I should do again as I have done. Your mother's life I cannot answer for,—but whatever it has been she has made it. And I believe that she would have found excuses for being miserable in any situation in which she might have been placed.

LAURA Oh—(then restraining herself)—I do not regret my life!

JANE retires, after leaving a letter of dismissal for Major Bannister,—which she had written heretofore,—practically at the dictation of her mother when she was hostile. Laura decides to see the Major before he reads the letter, and although Mme. Atherton advises her, "in plain, old-fashioned English, to mind her own business," she declares: "As long as I have the strength I shall fight for my child's future." She calls for Dr. Wetherell and demands what he has told Jane about the insanity of the Athertons.

DOCTOR: (*Savagely*) She wanted to know the truth, divested of the theatrical elements with which you have adorned it.

LAURA: Oh,—that was a brutal thing for you to say. Have you no sympathy for me?

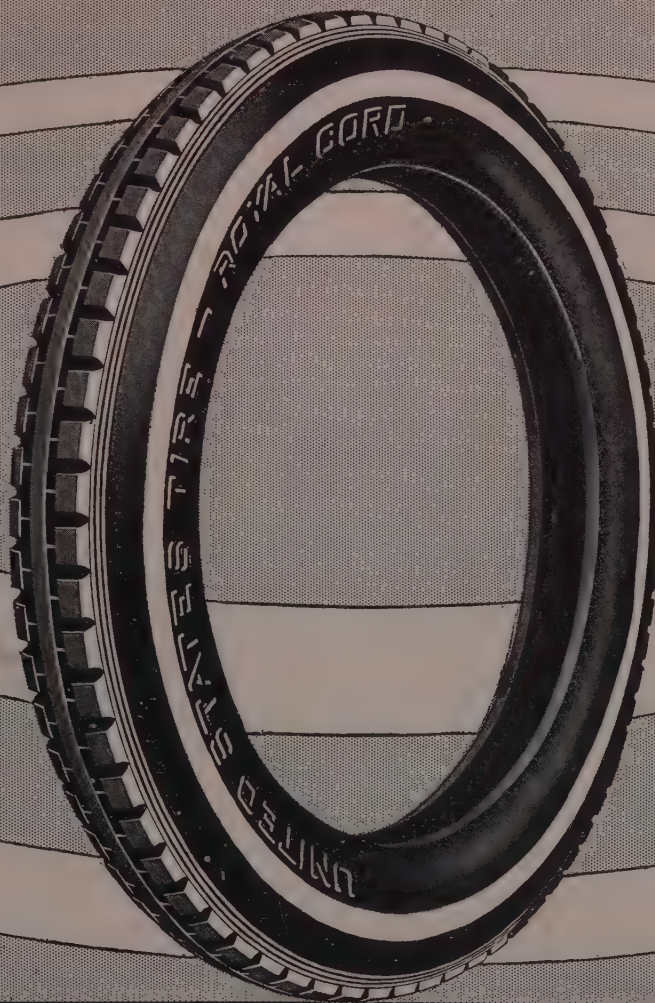
DOCTOR: None, Laura, — absolutely none.

LAURA: But Jane—is—all right?

DOCTOR: You wouldn't expect her to be all right after what you have put her through would you?

LAURA: There is no sign of any weakness like—the others?

(Concluded on Page 62)



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(Concluded from Page 60)



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DOCTOR: I don't know. I asked her no questions;—but it's a miracle if there isn't—after what you've done to her.

LAURA: How dare you speak to me like that? What right have you—

DOCTOR: I am truthful, Laura. You've been cutting capers more or less like this for twenty years;—raising the devil with somebody or something, and then shedding a few tears and expecting everything to go along as if it hadn't happened. But let me tell you, Laura, this time you've gone a step too far. You've made a mess tonight that can't be cleaned up with words or tears.

LAURA: Major Bannister need know nothing of this—

DOCTOR: He already knows.—I told him.

LAURA: But, why?—In God's name why?

DOCTOR: Madame Atherton—I shall be in the library, reading—the Book of Job!

LAURA persists in seeing Major Bannister, but although he has already read Jane's letter, she succeeds in getting nothing out of him,—except frigid politeness. When she finally leaves him alone the Major sends for Jane, who presently comes down the stairs. Meanwhile a fog is coming up, and the mournful voice of the siren sings a dirge to their dream of love and happiness, although the baleful Moon still beams brightly.

MAJOR: (*Holding her letter*) You did not think that I would believe this, did you?

JANE: (*Faltering*) I hoped you would. I did not know that Dr. Wetherell had told you.

MAJOR: Jane—I love you.

JANE: Oh, don't you see how impossible it is? I could not live—could not endure to think that I had brought this on you;—and someday you would hate me for it,—and—I should

always despise myself.—You must be strong—Somebody else will come—

MAJOR: I love you, Jane—I love you.

JANE: You must not tempt me, John. My strength is not equal to it—(*Seeking to escape, Jane throws open the terrace doors, and instantly the madness of the Moon is upon her.*)

MAJOR: (*In an awed whisper*) Jane—

JANE: Look, John, look! Isn't glorious?

MAJOR: Yes, dear,—glorious.

JANE: I was thinking how wonderful it would be if you and I could fly up there—

MAJOR: Then you shall have your wish, my darling. (*He kisses her tenderly and summons Walter, whom he orders to start the motor of his aeroplane. The latter demurs that it is dangerous with a fog coming on, but obeys. The Major turns to Jane on the terrace,—where the Judge sits gazing through his telescope.*)

MAJOR: (*Very gently*) Are you ready, dear?

JANE: (*In ecstasy*) Are we really going to the Moon?

MAJOR: Yes, dear—to the Moon. (*He kisses her again, and leads her out in the night. Immediately the roar of the motor arouses the household, who rush on excitedly. The Judge at his telescope has overheard the Major's promise, and is wildly delighted.*)

JUDGE: I see them plainly. They're headed straight—straight for the Moon!

HIGGS: Look at 'er climb! I never thought she'd climb like that. Gawd, ain't she goin'?

JUDGE: To think that my own grandchild,—my little Jane, should be the first. Such joy! The Emperor says he'll welcome them himself. Such honor! I am so happy—and so proud! Too bad,—too bad—the light is failing now—

HIGGS: The fog has got between us—I can't see—

THOMAS: (*In a tone of awe*) They're gone!

CURTAIN

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1923, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge, and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 2 West 45th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 2 West 45th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mrs. Georgine Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. Paul Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. F. E. Allardt, 2 West

45th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1923. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 369, Register's No. 5166. (Term expires March 30, 1925).



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(Concluded from Page 22)

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theatre and hastened home for the final arrangements. Her grief, eye witnesses said, was a tragic spectacle.

It is now suspected that the Titian haired player of light comedy is a student of spiritism. Her father, Billie Burke, the clown, died while his daughter was a small girl. She still believes that from the far, dim world of the disembodied, he guides her life steps. "Just as while he was on earth he taught me to walk," she says.

She gives the minutest care to every detail of her daughter's, Florence Patricia, life. The slim little six year old who resembles her father, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the equatorial region of her face, and her mother in brow and chin and laughing blue eyes, and russet hair, lives in the luxury of a wee Vanderbilt. She has a suite of large sunny rooms at her mother's home, Burkeley Crest, at Hastings. Her bedroom is as large as her mother's. She has a sitting room and play room decorated in sunshine color. Even the muslin curtains have a border of yellow ruffles and are tied back with yellow ribbons. She has a graphophone and a radio apparatus. When her mother is on tour Patricia accompanies her. While Miss Burke is

playing in town not more than a few hours ever elapse without a telephone inquiry about Patricia's welfare.

Miss Burke was educated in England and in the schools of Sheepshay Bay. She retains the accent she acquired in London. Her English education made her a stickler for diction. She is meticulously watchful that her daughter commit no lapses in speech. She permits no slang spoken in her presence. If Father Ziegfeld exhibits signs of a profane explosion, a comical jugal lift of auburn eyebrows sends him to his own suite where he may swear to an audience of the purple silk curtains of his special sybaritic abode.

Playgoers classify Billie Burke according to the parts she plays. They label her as a butterfly. Truth is that she is by taste an incurable "hobby." The sunny rooms and the green, clipped lawn and the Japanese tree houses and the bathing pool at her home in the country, with Florence Patricia, go far toward satisfying her life needs. She says she will play for two more years. I predict that the stage will lose her to domesticity. Broadway will compete vainly with Burkeley Crest.



BALLET SUEDOIS—A UNIQUE STAGE SPECTACLE

(Concluded from Page 10)

the curious light effects, the strange coloring, the swirls of movement, the pale, intense faces and lean, tormented bodies of El Greco's painting are remarkably successful.

Another Spanish number, called *Iberia*, is inferior in quality, though it uses the brilliant settings and costumes of Steinlen, and the spirited music of Albeniz. Ravel's *Tombeau de Couperin* is an interesting arrangement of modern equivalents for old French dances, such as were written in earlier days by Couperin. *La Nuit de Saint Jean* is a typical Swedish folk festival in the long day of the midnight sun. Debussy's *Boite à Joux-Joux* is a pretty story of the adventures of a set of toys escaped from their box. *Offer-*

lunden is a commonplace rendering of a hackneyed story of priestesses, divination, fire, and sacrifice. The *Chopin Suite* and *Divertissement* are simply examples of technical dancing in which the Swedes do not particularly excel.

Jean Borlin is the chief dancer and the sole choreographer of the Swedish Ballet. As a dancer he has no great versatility. Certain pleasing attitudes and a graceful sense of movement, and a few interesting steps are his only equipment. But as an inventor of choreographies and as a general director of the Ballet productions, he has shown himself gifted with imagination, intellectually advanced, and possessed of a spirit of initiative which has made the Swedish Ballet the only rival to the organization of the Russian



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WEST OF THE ROCKIES 20 for 35¢

Heard on Broadway

(Concluded from Page 39)



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THE casting situation grows desperate on Broadway. With all the increase in the number of players one might expect the reverse to be true, but actually finding the right people for a New York production is immensely difficult. Especially true is this of young men. The number of "possible" young Americans on the stage is minute. I speak now of men who are needed for juvenile parts of distinction, who must combine gentlemanly breeding and manner with good looks and the ability to act. This is the reason for the influx of the young English actor. Many of the English juveniles drawing salaries ranging from two hundred to five hundred dollars a week over here today would scarcely be able to stay working even for seventy-five in London. The reason is our native shortage.

HOW TO GET SEATS AT THE LAST MINUTE

LAST month I reported that BOB BENCHLEY of *Life* would probably quit his job as critic for that paper in order to become an actor with the *Music Box*. But now he has decided to take on both tasks at once and any one seeing a wild-eyed and hatless youth rushing up and down Broadway between the hours of nine and eleven can know right then and there that it is Bob himself busy trying to spread himself over two places at once!

The best time to buy theatre tickets if one waits until just before the performance to buy them is 8.20 p.m. It is at that hour more or less that the agencies exercise their right to return a certain percentage of their unsold seats and, except in the case of wopping successes, one can almost always count on getting "speculator locations" at the box-office at that time.

America's best gambler in the theatre is probably A. H. WOODS. On the slimness of "ideas" he will bank his twenty thousand or so on a production without even looking at the manuscript of the play. The business details he leaves to one of the best business men in America, MARTIN HERMAN, Woods' brother. He keeps away from rehearsals. But when the play opens out of town he contributes his presence and then the gambler's side of him stops and the skilled showman begins. Al Woods is a remarkable play-doctor. His more or less primitive "feel" for what is right and what is wanted is said to be uncannily correct, and when, given an idea that he liked in the first place, a play based on it comes to town and dies you may be almost sure that someone—star, author or somebody else of influence with the manager—has kept him from exercising the changes he would like to see made.

A DUEL OF WITS

CHANNING POLLOCK'S journalistic fight with ASHTON STEVENS, the critic of the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*, recalls others that the caustic and not always cautious Mr. Stevens has landed himself in. In this latest instance the honors seem to be divided; Mr. Stevens has called *The Fool* "the Ford of plays" and its author has retaliated with appropriate slaps at the critic. But on one occasion when Stevens had indulged his inclination to print something in an interview that put an artist in a difficult light before her Chicago public he was very neatly and amusingly reprimanded. The artist in question, a well-known international star, had said to Stevens in the intimacy of her apartment at the Blackstone that she considered Chicago audiences very "bone-headed." Stevens promptly blurted the accusation across a triple column head in the *Herald-Examiner*, and, naturally enough, the star was put in a terribly embarrassing situation. But at the first performance following the sensational story, with the audience (a very large one incidentally!) ready to boo her, the artist appeared, and taking advantage of her none too good English, declared that she had not really known what the word "bone-headed" meant, but that now she was aware it meant Mr. Ashton Stevens. The come-back "took" with the audience who rocked with laughter and forgave the charming foreigner her *faux pas*. And be it said to Stevens' credit that he had sufficient sense of humor to be amused by the revenge taken and subsequently supported the star and her show with an avalanche of free publicity.

I might say that at the party I speak of above a vote was had also on the two best theatres in America. The Empire and Henry Miller's, both in New York, won the overwhelming majority. I'm a bit surprised that the wonderful new theatre the Keith people have built for big-time variety in Cleveland received no votes whatever. It indicates how far the mind of the illuminate is from such low-brow entertainment as the two-a-day! The vote of this humble department for America's finest theatre is for that very playhouse.

Endeared to the play-loving public for her performances in "The Darling of the Gods", "The Girl of the Golden West", "Nobody's Widow" and "The Famous Mrs. Fair", Miss Bates is equally appreciated by her intimate friends for the character of her home life and her enlightened devotion to her family.

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Blanche Bates

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THE VANITY BOX

BY ANNE ARCHBALD

SHE came to make our editorial department a brief visit, here at the magazine, and we passed her by chance in the hallway. We were immediately enchanted . . . we made inquiries. Who was this fascinating little person, only too visibly of the East with her dark olive skin and dark eyes and full scarlet mouth. She was the Indian Princess Nyota-Inyoka we learned . . . she danced the native dances of her country . . . she was about to embark on an engagement in vaudeville (you will see her shortly) . . . All in all, nothing appeared more important to us at the moment than to meet her, and so we did.

Seen near to she was even more enchanting, her costume adorable and absolutely in the picture, in keeping with her race and type. A black and silver jacquette topped a black pleated skirt and a black and silver turban was wrapped around the head, true Hindu fashion, that is with a triangle of the forehead showing and not pulled down touching the eyebrows all the way across, as we are accustomed to wear it. There were barbaric hoop earrings too, if we remember.

What was said was not of so much importance. There was some broken English and French, the broken French being very much our property and not at all that of the Princess. But the latter managed to say all that she wished with her eyes. With those, deep-lidded and dark and liquid, she fixed us intensely and conveyed the impression that we were not only a delightful creature, but a superlatively delightful one, in fact that this was a moment in her life she had long been waiting for. Her very long black eyelashes enhanced with kohl, curled at us. Her eyes fairly glowed. We felt how nice we were and how extremely pleasant life in general was.

It was indeed a devastating gaze. If it is thus appealing to us, we reflected, what havoc it must create with the impressionable male. We parted from Princess Nyota, haunted the rest of the day, not only with the remembrance of those dark eyes and their delicious expression, but with the thought of how much more we could do in—and to—the world if we only possessed a similar pair.

How thrilling a real pair of eyes! Weren't Gloria Swanson's, for instance, in the close-up of her eyes alone, in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*? A different type from the Princess', of course . . . We couldn't have either of these, to be sure, but we were determined to do something about the matter, to find out what were the newest preparations to keep the eye clear and bright and lustrous, to learn the latest touch for the eyebrows and lashes. After we'd improved the eye itself, we could go in for cultivating that aren't-you-perfectly-wonderful gaze.

Our investigation prospered. We found, first of all, a new preparation for clearing the pupil, and making it bright and shining and lustrous, whether for daytime or evening. It would naturally be splendid for a woman who motors much, or goes in for sport. It is absolutely harmless.

We found also a new preparation that will, we believe, eventually supersede the favorite mascara. The actress is just beginning to take it up. This is a new liquid coloring for the eyelashes which will really "stay put," even for two or three days, if you accept a slight diminishing of the effect. You do not have to wash it off at night, therefore. You can cry at the theatre and you so feel inclined; the stuff will not run, nor make black smears on your cheeks. Moreover it has a tendency to curl up the lashes—Ah, the Princess!—and to give a starry effect to them. It is the greatest possible improvement, we think, on the old method and we have already had reason to be extremely grateful ourselves for its creation.

(For the name of these two new preparations for eyes and for eyelashes, write *The Vanity Box*, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., N. Y. C.)



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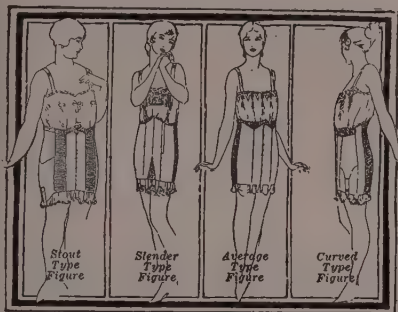
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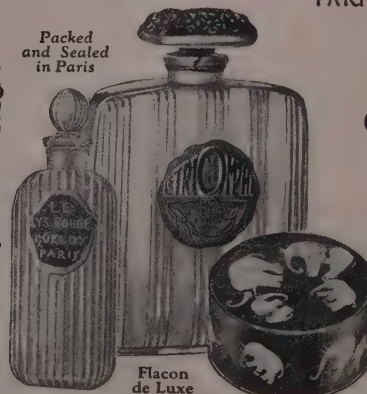
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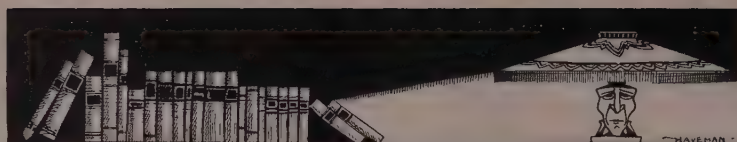
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THE DRAMA BOOK SHELF

Three plays by A. A. Milne—*The Dover Road*, *The Truth About Blayds* and *The Great Broxopp*—have been brought out in a scholarly brown volume. All three have been produced in New York but only the first two are well known to the casual theatre-goer on Broadway. And nothing could illustrate the whims and vagaries of theatrical production more perfectly than this fact. For of the three, *Broxopp* seems by far the most worthy and the most significant.

THE DOVER ROAD

The Dover Road, so deftly presented by Winthrop Ames, is an admirable bit of foolery on the eternal triangle. It burlesqued delicately the sensational elopement, so dear to the heart of the writer of "problem plays," and it gave a fantastic old bachelor the chance to play the god from the machine in the person of Charles Cherry. It is adroit, engaging and light as air except for a few glancing side-strokes at the perversity of the *comédie humaine*.

THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS

The Truth About Blayds is made of more somber stuff. It is a study of literary plagiarism and of a thieving poet who drew his fame from a dead man's memories. The personality of this literary bandit is a tragic and masterful creation, but unfortunately he dies in the first act, and the subsequent squabbles of the family over his involved affairs, comes as something of an anti-climax.

THE GREAT BROXOPP

The Great Broxopp passes from fantasy and academic studies in literary ethics to the plain picture of a plain man. It is by far the more human of the lot and has a vitality about it that the other two lack, charming as they seemed before the footlights. There is essential veracity in this picture of the blustering Broxopp whose bubble of advertising finally burst. Yet *Broxopp*, produced in a haphazard fashion, was a failure on Broadway. This may have been the fault of its meagre production or of something undramatic in its construction. In any case, it bears the test of publication even more than the other two plays in this very interesting series.

PLAYS OF NEAR AND FAR

In this later volume by Lord Dunsany, we would cheerfully sacrifice the "Near" plays for the "Far." In *Cheexo*, for example, the author deserts his world of fantasy for a modern setting and the result is not a happy one. The characters in their modern dress are mere marionettes and marionettes lose their charm in a prosaic setting. With *The Flight of the Queen*, however, the author is back in his own fanciful atmosphere. The play is full of the buzzing of bees, its action celebrates the nuptial flight of the Queen bee in the blue ether. Fabre's story of the insect world told in terms of human conduct has been the inspiration of imaginative writers from Maeterlinck to the Capek brothers and its eerie overtones have been delicately caught in this fragment by Lord Dunsany. If *Shakespeare Had Lived Today* is an obvious enough idea which has been done many times before. For all that, there is originality in the Dunsany treatment with its sly shafts at modern theatrical production. *The Compromise of the King of the Golden Isles* and *Fame and the Poet* (a favorite curtain raiser), are also in this collection.

THE CLOUD THAT LIFTED

Like Lord Dunsany in *Cheexo*, Maurice Maeterlinck has deserted his own familiar atmosphere in this later play. The cloud that lifted is devoid of symbolism and is not of the spirit; it is a literal rift in the heavens on a moonlit night which reveals a murder. The drama is laid in Finland, and its heroine, Sonia, who has vowed vengeance on her father's slayer, discovers that this same slayer is the man she loves. It is a situation not unknown to the dramatic world but the intensity of its atmosphere and the sympathetic understanding of the girl's psychology gives the time-worn plot new life and vigor. Nevertheless, it is oddly remote from the mystical spirit which we have learned to expect from Maeterlinck.

(Concluded on Page 72)

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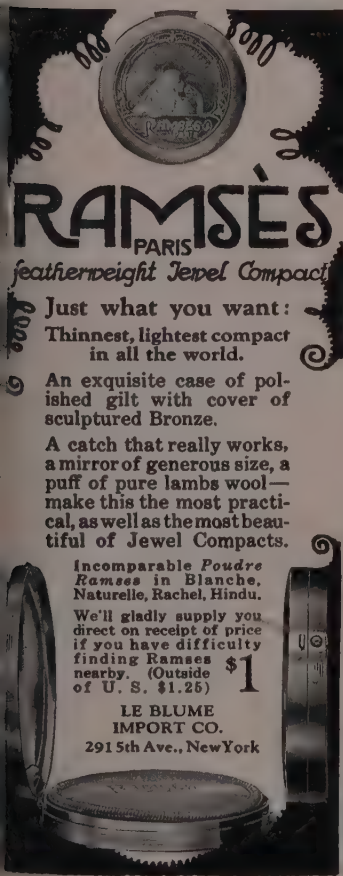


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THE DRAMA BOOK SHELF

(Concluded from Page 70)

The second play is more typical. *The Power of the Dead* is a journey into the supernatural, revealing the influence that remains on earth of those who have passed through the mysterious door of death. These echoes from another world are haunting and beautiful in their simplicity. We could, however, find it in our heart to wish that Maeterlinck had not made the occult episode a dream, for all the world like the ending of a motion picture scenario.

Both these plays have been announced by the publishers as scheduled for an early New York stage production. But of these productions and their casts, we are yet to learn.

THREE SHIPMAN COMEDIES

Louis Evan Shipman (by no means to be confused with Samuel of the same name), has collected these three products of his dramatic career under the title of *Comedies*. The word is applicable only in the sense that all human reactions have in them the comedy that lies close to tears, for their content is far more pensive than hilarious. The first, *Parole*, is a study of the last year of the civil war and was produced by Henry Miller in 1907. The second, *The Fountain of Youth*, was given in 1918 by the same producer. *Fools Errant*, the third, was one of the list of last year's production and represents an excursion by Lee Shuber into the type of drama known as "literary." They are dedicated to *The Players Who Brought My Comedies to Life*, and are prefaced by a graceful introduction from Percy MacKaye.

CONTEMPO- RARY AMERI- CAN PLAYS

This volume should bring cheer to those pessimists who are wailing about the state of our national drama. It would be difficult in any collection of foreign plays to find a more significant trio of representative triumphs than *The Emperor Jones*, by Eugene O'Neill, *The Hero*, by Gilbert Emery and *To The Ladies*, by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. For *Why Marry*, by Jesse Lynch Williams and *Nice People*, by Rachel Crothers, not so much may be said. Had we been editing this collection instead of Arthur Hobson Quinn, we would have replaced these last two plays by more O'Neill and more Kaufman and Connelly. However, as Mr. Quinn managed to struggle along without our assistance and as both the comedies were amiably received by their audiences, we bow as gracefully as possible to his judgment. No mere difference of opinion could remove the pleasant glow of pride which remained with us after reading the first three plays. And we are further elated by the thought that all four of their playwrights are young men upon whom the responsibility of the American drama may safely rest. This one volume is fervent enough testimony against the bulk of material written on the downfall of dramatic writing in America.

THE MACHINE WRECKERS

The conservatives of last season were startled by the theatrical bomb which burst almost on the aisle at it were. It was labeled "expressionism." The first example of this volcanic continental style came with *From Morn to Midnight*, by Georg Kaiser. In its production, the Theatre Guild brought extraordinary skill to an incredibly difficult task. This season will bring another play of the same school to the same stage. It is the *Masse-Mensch* or *The Machine Wreckers*, by Ernst Toller, a revolutionist playwright from Bavaria. It deals with a weavers' strike in the Nottingham of 1816 and was conceived in a spirit of violent, impassioned sincerity.

We found *From Morn to Midnight* very difficult reading. Either we were unaccustomed to the spasmodic leaps of expressionistic action or the Toller drama is vastly superior to the one by Kaiser, for *Masse-Mensch* in book form is vastly exciting. Its production gives every promise of being one of the most thrilling events of the present season.



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(Concluded from Page 52)

stage director, who misses almost everything else, finds him in a dark corner, and then—the fireworks! To demonstrate the difficulties of his task, the Czar stages a scene of fury! Mr. Manager flees in terror, for he knows that the haughty autocrat would "walk out on him," if he ever tried to stem his wrath.

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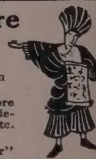
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ARTS
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MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from Page 56)

to differ with her husband on the same grounds, and finally Nell gets a taste of her own medicine, when her fiancé, Danny Kester (Stuart Fox) fails to see the necessity for such an argument.

From here on, the play is an hilariously humorous comedy, full of amusing situations in which Nell, most skilfully portrayed by Roberta Arnold, with her nasal articulation somewhat modified, leads the little band of rebels against "economic slavery." Luck breaks first one way and then the next, but eventually each side discovers that they were a little wrong. The entire cast in support of Miss Arnold are capable comedians, particularly Miss Leila Bennett, who gets the most out of a witty and well-limned characterization. It is a good evening's fun.

A Lesson In Love

Comedy in three acts by Rudolph Besier and May Edginton, produced by Lee Shubert at the 39th Street Theatre on September 24, with the following cast:

Captain Andre Briquette, William Faversham; Beatrice Audley, Emily Stevens; Dean Carey, Edward Emery; Sir Nevil Moreton, Hugh Buckler; Mrs. Carey, Grace Henderson; Laura Westerly, Gilda Leary; Masters, Marian Hutchins; Waiter, F. S. Merlin.

EVEN though the dialogue be human and bright, conversation, which takes until ten o'clock to posit a dramatic situation does not make for an entirely satisfying play.

There is a world of talk in *A Lesson In Love* before Beatrice Audley (Emily Stevens), defying all the conventions, throws herself in Capt. Briquette's (Wm. Faversham), arms and urges him to take her. This the Captain does, insisting that matrimony shall play no part in the contract. Having stirred up her friends and fiancé by this arrangement, the Capt. finally produces a marriage license. He was testing her. As much as she loved her, his faith in her had been shaken by her hardness to a friend who, without the pale of wedlock, had loved and suffered. Now he knows the widow Audley has an open heart. A real marriage must make for happiness.

Such the method and such the conclusion of the new comedy by Rudolph Besier and May Edginton. It can hardly be reasoned that the Captain is a very sympathetic rôle. Some might even be justified, were they to describe his conduct as that of a bounder, but as the outcome largely concerns himself and a heroine about whom no great enthusiasm can be evoked—no harm is done.

Mr. Faversham as Briquette is manly and gracious. Miss Stevens as Beatrice controls to a degree some of her nervous mannerisms. There is

fine fervor in her manifestations of an awakened love.

As the jilted suitor, a most ungrateful rôle, Hugh Buckler acted with much reserved feeling. And as the emotional example of the young woman, who loved too well, if not wisely, Miss Gilda Leary was quite admirable in her restraint and sincerity.

The gem of the performance is the kindly human old Dean played with beautiful simplicity and humor by Edward Emery.

The Magic Ring

Fantastic comedy with music. Book and lyrics by Zelda Sears, music by Harold Levy. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Liberty Theatre, October 1, with this cast:

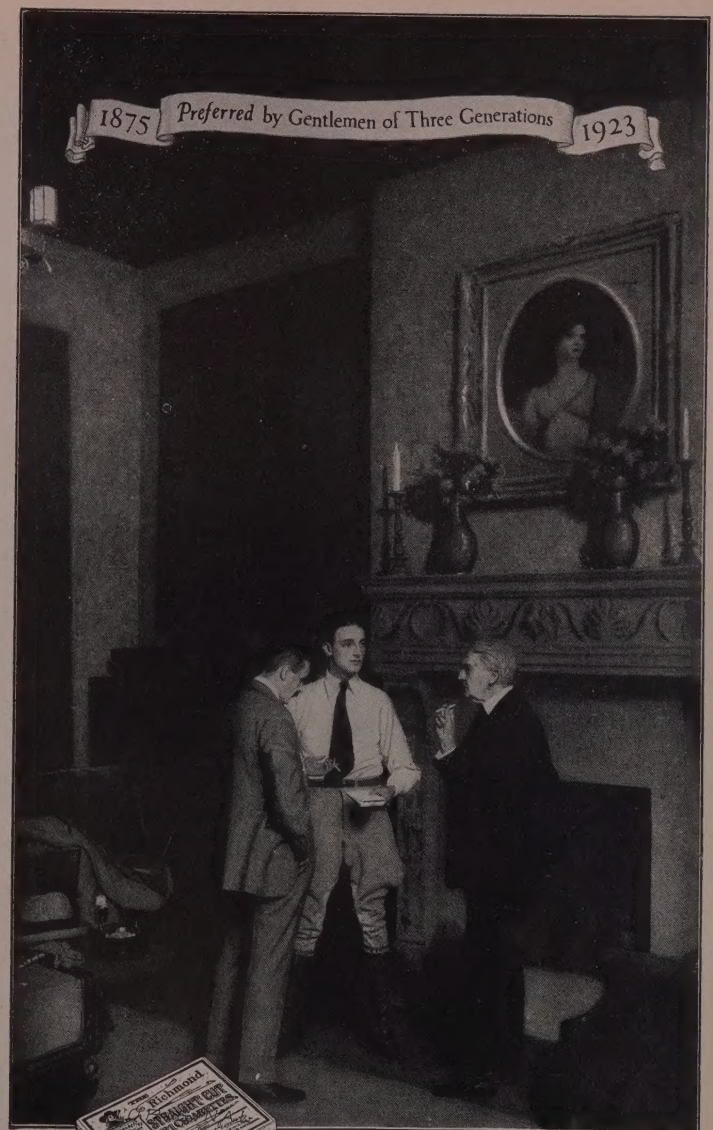
Zobeide, Madge North; Vizier, Joseph Macaulay; Abdullah, Worthe Faulkner; Henry Brockway, Sydney Greenstreet; Phoebe Brockway, Janet Murdock; Mrs. Bellamy, Phoebe Crosby; Iris Bellamy, Jeannete MacDonald; Tom Hammond, Boyd Marshall; Policemen, Ed Wakefield, John Lyons; Polly Church, Mitzi; Moe Bernheimer, James B. Carson; Stella, Estelle Birney; Specialty Dancers, Carlos and Inez.

IT is with an exotic and picturesque touch of the Orient—the interior of the Grand Viziers Seraglio many years ago—that Mitzi's new and successful musical medium at the Liberty opens. Zelda Sears, whose *Clinging Vine* was one of the substantial hits of the past season, again ventures forth as a librettist and places to her credit, a graceful, amusing and characteristic book that gives the diminutive star every gracious opportunity for the display of her indubitable talents and her quaint tabloid personality.

A score replete with melody is contributed by Harold Levey, while Col Savage as the *entrepreneur* supplies a handsome production and a supporting cast of capital excellence.

It may be said that Mitzi has a distinct following of her own. They like her on general principles. What she does is secondary. A variation of the well-worked Cinderella motif can always be relied on and as Polly Church, the waif, with a Magic Ring—such the title of the piece—who gets her three wishes not the least of which is a handsome husband, played and sung with excellent effect by Boyd Marshall. Mitzi romps through it with rollicking applause.

Sydney Greenstreet, a splendid physical foil to the star, is a character actor with a fine sense of individuality and values. As Henry Brockway, owner of an antique shop, he is generously amusing. There is a lot of good dancing in which Jeannete Crosby figures to advantage. All in all, *The Magic Ring* is quite charming.



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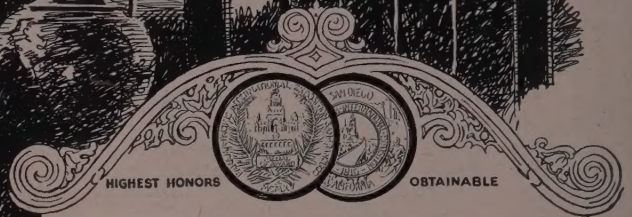
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